The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

[illegible] they who watch for dawn
[illegible] valleys,
[illegible] but fix their eyes
[illegible] mountain-peaks of snow, which rise
[illegible] to meet day.

[illegible] for the happy morn
[illegible] of kindling red, to warn
[illegible] along the eastern skies
[illegible] in glad surprise,
[illegible] royal watchmen borne,
[illegible] great new day begins,
[illegible] their sacred brows a light
[illegible] the valley from its night.
[illegible] light as this a great soul wins,
[illegible] earth's wall of griefs and sins,
[illegible] always, gazing on the white
[illegible] God, can call aloud with deep,
[illegible] of truth, to waken them who sleep.

H. H.

St. Helens, Arabia, Sept. 9th, 1869.

GOLD GAMBLING AND ITS REMEDY.

BY HON HENRY WILSON.

IMMEDIATELY after the recent scenes of pandemonium enacted in Gold and Broad Streets the Commercial Editor of THE INDEPENDENT aptly said: "It is an alarming fact that a small clique of gold gamblers should by manipulating a few millions of gold be able to jeopard property to the amount of thousands of millions, change the purchasing value of money twenty or thirty per cent at their pleasure, embarrass merchants, disturb foreign trade, and almost arrest the collection of duties on imported goods." After further stating that the public are justly "indignant," he puts these pregnant questions: "Is there no remedy for this strange anomaly? Is business to be held in this constant peril?"

The remedy is in the Government of the United States. It has the power to defend whatever it has made money against the warfare of irresponsible, unprincipled, and eminently unpatriotic men, who enter into unholy combinations, for mere sordid greed of gain, reckless alike of the interests of their fellow-men and the welfare of their country. A scene like that in Wall Street never transpired in any age or land. The annals of the race will be searched in vain to find a record of such exhibitions of selfishness, recklessness, and utter disregard of the claims of morality, honor, or even common decency. Nor is this a matter of surprise to those who have watched the course of these men since the suspension of specie payments in the winter of 1861. All through the war, when the country was struggling for its life, and brave men were bleeding and dying in its defence, even then, forgetful alike of the nation and its heroic defenders, these men entered into hostile combinations for private purposes at the public cost. In the hope of making fortunes, they sampled not to derange and throw into disorder the monetary interests of the land—even welcomed defeats, because they would increase their gains, and grew impatient over victories, because they interfered with selfish schemes. Never were men trained in a school so destructive of the principles of virtue, patriotism, and true manliness; and recent events have shown them to have been apt scholars, soon made adepts in financial chicanery. The money-changers whom Christ scourged from the Temple were less hideous than they; nor is there evidence that they so much defiled that sacred edifice as have these defiled the marts of honorable traffic.

Times without number have they wrought disorder and distress; though this last performance is their crowning feat. Amid, however, the injuries they have inflicted on the industrial interests of the country there is, at least, this comfort—that most of them have been put *hors du combat*, if they have not bitten the dust, and lie themselves prostrate among the wrecks they have caused. It is represented that the aggregate gold sales of the two days amounted to nearly the enormous sum of $500,000,000. These gigantic operations were gigantic swindles. Nobody wanted gold, nobody bought it for the ordinary purposes of business. At least, a very small amount would have answered all the demands of legitimate traffic. Had sales only been made by those who had gold to sell, and who actually delivered it when sold, the amount of sales could not have been so enormous. The system established in Wall Street is not a system intended to meet the legitimate wants of trade, but to allow gamblers to cheat one another and call it business.

The injuries inflicted upon the industrial interests of the nation by this system of wholesale swindling can hardly be measured. We have three and a half millions of square miles of territory, which are being developed with wonderful rapidity. We have forty millions of people, two-thirds of whom have been trained in the educational institutions of the country, all striving to win competence and position, if not wealth. The production of this combined capital and labor is estimated at $7,000,000,000 annually, or nearly $25,000,000 for every working-day. With a country of such unequaled natural resources, with a people of such irrepressible energies and high aspirations, with the vast productive power of machinery and such means of transit, the nation is rapidly accumulating wealth. Anything, therefore, which disturbs, if only for a few days, its vast productive forces, occasions immense losses. Who can estimate their vast aggregate as inflicted by the stock and gold gamblers for the last eight years? Providence has blessed the land with good crops, with millions for exportation. Who can measure the injury and wrongs inflicted by them on the merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and workingmen who toil for wages?

Ought these tolling millions longer to submit to such action? Ought they not to demand that Congress shall cut up this system of gold gambling, root and branch? May they not demand of the General Government, if need be, that it shall provide that all sales of gold shall pay a tax into the Treasury? demand, too, if necessary to the end, that all sales of gold be made by men who have the gold to sell, and who shall deliver it when sold?

Some may say that the only effective remedy is to be looked for in the resumption of specie payments. The country is not now prepared for such resumption, or able to maintain it if attempted. People believe that resumption, in the present condition of the country, will "hurt," and they are not ready for the infliction. Is it not evident, too, in the light of these recent developments, that, should specie payment be speedily resumed, the men who made the combination which threw Wall Street and the country into such confusion could, by similar means, bring about a new suspension at their pleasure? Any system of specie payments, ever possessed in this country, could be broken up, and probably would be, by these men when their stock-jobbing interests might seem to require it.

So callous have they become, in the school in which they have been educated and in the terrible scenes through which they have passed, to the claims of either pity or patriotism, that they would, whenever their selfish instincts demanded it, enter into similar combinations to disturb and distract the business interests of the people.

There is now but one remedy, and that should be promptly and fearlessly applied. The system of gold gambling should be broken—*should be made illegal*. All sales of gold should be *bona-fide* sales—made only by those who have the gold to sell; and no sales should be valid or legal unless the gold be delivered, under the penalty of fines and imprisonment. This law, too, should be inflexibly adhered to. Then the people, especially the toiling masses—who would now be gratified by looking through prison-grates upon the authors of the recent mischief—will feel reassured, in the prosecution of their labors and enterprises, by the knowledge that the men who should again make a similar raid upon their interests shall receive merited punishment.

OUR KITCHENS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

"Co-operative Kitchens!" Heaven forbid! Heaven probably will not interfere; but surely women will. If there never was a house large enough for two families, there never will be a kitchen large enough for a dozen. It is not strange that some women want to get rid of their kitchens, such looking and smelling dens as they are, and will always remain. Cowper sung "The Sofa," and glorified the teacup. I proclaim the kitchen, with a hearty desire to rescue it from its abused condition. It is nonsense for men to bemoan their grandmothers, because they spun and wove, while we do neither. If they worked perpetually, you may be sure that it was because they had to, not because they wanted to do so. They would have been just as glad to have availed themselves of steam-looms and sewing-machines as a refuge from endless drudgery as their granddaughters, if they had only had them. Yet it would be vastly better for our generation if we consulted those dear old ladies oftener than we do; better if we imitated them more closely, not in their piety only, which on the whole was of too self-abnegating a sort, for it did injustice to some of the best powers which God had given them and increased the depravity of man in making a bigger tyrant of him than even nature intended. But there is no danger of our imitating them too nearly in their personal interest in their kitchens. It is for the woman of the nineteenth century to hold in her development the equal balance of physical and mental culture. She cannot do this and neglect her kitchen. No matter how far at times she may rise above it, it will always do her good to come back to it; and, if it is the kitchen that it ought to be, she will ever feel delight in returning to its homely brightness and savory smells. I am sorry for that woman who does not treasure in her heart somewhere the memory of a beloved kitchen. Perhaps it was grandmother's kitchen, or mother's. May be it was in the country. You can hardly be happier in Heaven than when you played on its floor a little child. I love such a kitchen; not the discarded one of a fine villa, but the honored kitchen of a thrifty farm-house. It faces the east, and takes the sun's first "good-morning." Thus its busiest hours are full of brightness, and its restful afternoons full of serene light and peaceful shadows. Its wide door opens on a grassy yard, where "the old oaken bucket hangs in the well." What a yard it is! Its clovery grass is a paradise for bleaching; its irregular paths run through the dandelions down to the garden whose luscious vegetables offer a daily market for the ready hand, and out to the orchard where the ruddy apples hang. There is an old lilac bush by one window, a sweet-briar by the other, while morning-glory bells cluster about both. Beside one is a stand full of plants, which in the winter flourish in the morning sun. On its ledge there is a work basket—a marvelous basket—into whose depths I sometimes dive, through piles of stockings, through bundles and bags, through scissors and thimbles and pins, down to a needle-book (certain to be at the bottom, if only through my impetuous poking), in whose pocket I am sure to find a whole literature of domestic recipes, heart-poems, and editorials on the state of the nation. Beside it is a little old chair, with a warm cushion. This is the mother's chair and this the mother's corner, and not to be invaded. Then the old kitchen has a deep fireplace, a vast bake-oven, and a modern stove. It has a great pantry, whose wide shelves are filled with glittering milk-pans, all set for cream; and a store-room, in which you may find everything for cheer, from the barrels of flour and sugar, the rows of sweetmeats, dear to every housewife's heart, to bunches of dried catnip hung up for the cat, and pennyroyal enough for every stomach-aching baby in town. The old kitchen floor is painted a clear gray, brightened by gay home-made mats. It has a deep-throated clock, that rules its days; a book-rack filled with books and newspapers, and colored prints on its walls. It has an arm-chair, a sewing-chair, and a chintz-covered lounge. There is nothing in it too fine for its place. It is only a kitchen, after all, yet a joy to behold and to enjoy.

There is a parlor in this house, proud in a bright grandmother-made carpet, of the most intense stripes; in haircloth furniture, as shining as a beetle's back; in a profuse pile of old daguerreotypes and a new photograph book. On its walls old gentlemen sit in venerable frames, with high collars, stiff enough to break their necks; and old ladies sit in others, in mutton-leg sleeves and bristling caps, who look down with mild severity on the chignons of their descendants. When the minister comes, or the children from town, this parlor is opened and furbished. But, somehow, sooner or later all the company graviate back into the old kitchen; for the glow, the cheer, the love are there.

Then I am in love with a kitchen in town. If it is not as poetic as the country kitchen, it is more convenient. My heart has thrilled with delight at the sight of its bright yellow floor, and exulted with conscious thrift while I turned the fawcets of its "stationary tubs" and tested the virtues of its "spacious range." Who can portray the splendor of its pantry—its mugs and jugs; its "nests" of polished boxes, whose covers shut in the priceless berries and spices of the East; its rows of glass jars, filled with glowing jellies—the ruby of the raspberry, the purple of the blackberry, the crimson of the currant; its shelves of canned fruits? There are peaches for you; tomatoes for *you*; sweet corn in this can that will give you succotash in January, and delude you with the make-believe of an August feast. This kitchen's window lets in the sunshine; and its back-door opens on a grassy plot, on which the clothes may bleach, the dog may play, or the baby roll. And all around the stone walks runs a border of flowers; and, if morning glories don't hang on the window, they do on the fence. There are but few city back-doors which do not open on a yard as large as this. Show to me one pure with grass, fragrant with blossoms; or show me one nauseous with the *debris* and refuse of the house, and I will tell you the sort of people who abide inside. You tell me that my kitchen is not practical? That I don't personally know about it? I know *all* about it; which is more than I can say of anything else. I know that every kitchen must have its soapy days, its sudsy days, its codfishy days, and even its cabbagy days—that, in spite of its posies and spices, its odors must sometimes be more pungent than pleasant; but I know also that we may open the windows, let the bad air out and the blessed air in, and that through and beyond everything remains the kitchen, all that it should be, or nothing that it should be, just as we have made it! Everybody knows the charm of a pleasant parlor. Every woman likes to display her taste and refinement in it, according to her means or culture. All its pretty nicknacks have a price for her heart which no money could pay. Its statuettes and pictures, its soft sofas and chairs, give us the refreshment of beauty and the proffer of rest when the day's work is done. The parlor is the crown of the home; but the kitchen is its heart. In the parlor may bloom the flower of its culture; but the root of its comfort is in the kitchen. The parlor may reveal to us the exact standard of a woman's taste; but the unerring interpretation of her disposition is the kitchen. Wealth or circumstance may place the actual labor and duty of your daily life outside of your kitchen. Trained servants may make it unnecessary that you should fulfill its daily tasks with your own hands. But has it ever occurred to you that, however exempt yourself, *some woman's life* is lived in your kitchen, and how much you may add to that life by making your kitchen a pleasant place to inhabit? She is no less a woman in all her native susceptibilities and needs because she is poor and does your work. Do you realize how much every life takes on of the hue of its surroundings? And what a minister of good as well as a minister of beauty you may be when you make your kitchen as perfect *as a kitchen* as you have already made your parlor as a parlor? It cannot be measured, the wretched health, the morbidness, the misery, the vice even, which have had their birth in the dark, unventilated dens which are called kitchens, in which so many women drag on their weary lives. And when the girl of our time grows up to regard the kitchen of her home as something more than a hole to be shunned, in which Bridget was born to drudge; when she brings into it, instead, her calico apron and smiling face; when she devotes to its service a portion of the cultivated powers now wasted in idleness, if not in sin, we shall see the beginning of that royal race of women for whom we longingly wait and in whose advent we so devoutly believe.

REAPING AFTER SOWING.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

SEPTEMBER 22d, 1869.

Our "valleys are covered over with corn." Through the months of spring and summer God has been preparing "for our use the kindly fruits of the earth." There has been many a joyful "harvest home" in our land. But this was preceded by toilsome and perhaps anxious sowing. There is always some risk in farming. Sometimes it is feared that there is too much frost, or too much rain, or too much dry weather. The farmer fears that much of his seed may be wasted, that the blight may destroy the early promise of the spring, or that the ripened grain may not be safely gathered in. And so he may be said to go forth "weeping, bearing precious seed." But, nevertheless, in spite of all his fears, and in spite of much loss and occasional failures, the great promise of "seed-time and harvest" is fulfilled, and he "comes again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Let me, by the columns of THE INDEPENDENT, say a word or two to our fellow-sowers on the other side of the great water. With us both the work of serious, continued, anxious sowing recommences with the autumn, when both pastors and people return from summer rambling, and settle down to the regular labors of home during the winter months.

It is presumed that every Christian is a sower. Doing good is not the monopoly of the clergy, so called. Archbishop Leighton says: "All Christians are God's clergy." All do not hold office in the church; all are not competent to preach to the great congregation; but all can do *something*. Ability and opportunity constitute a divine call. Every one who can sow the good seed is *ordained* to sow it. Are *you* sowing, Christian reader of these lines? Are you trying to instruct the ignorant, warn the careless, comfort the sad, save the lost? You profess to love Christ. Are you doing anything to make him known? You profess to have received the precious remedy which alone can save the soul. Are you telling others about it? Can we be real Christians if we have no Christian zeal and are engaged in no Christian work? How much there is to do besides the regular work of the minister! What multitudes of children there are to be taught; of outcasts to be reclaimed; of anxious souls to be guided and encouraged! There are unconverted neighbors, friends, and relatives to care for. There are children at home to be trained for Heaven. What multitudes of sowers there are, and what multitudes more there ought to be, besides pastors and missionaries and Bible-women, and others officially engaged in such work.

Fellow-sowers, you often go forth *weeping*. There are many causes for this. You weep when you think of your *incapacity*. How little power we have of our own to remove prejudice, to convince the skeptic, to make the frivolous thoughtful, to check the profligate in their career of pleasurable vice, to break the strong chains of sinful habit, to lighten up the dark dungeon of despondency, or even to lead a little child to the Good Shepherd. How inadequate are our best sermons, our most cogent reasonings, our most tender expostulations, both to the theme we speak of and to the great result we seek. Yes; when we think of our incapacity to sow aright such seed, *we weep*. And when we think of our *unworthiness*. Who are *we* to be employed on a work so holy?—to convince others of sin, when we so often transgress ourselves? to call on others to love the Saviour, toward whom our own hearts are often so cold? to urge others to more strenuous resistance of temptation, when we so often yield to it ourselves? O, when we think of our personal shortcomings, and the sins even of our holiest actions, the corrupt motives mingling with our most zealous labors, we go forth *weeping*.

And we weep when we think of the disappointments which are sure to occur. We know that much of the seed will fall on the beaten foot-path, where the birds of the air will snatch it up. Many in the congregation, many in the class, will listen to our most earnest appeals, year after year, utterly in vain, going away from church and from school without giving one earnest thought to what has been said. And so we weep. And we know that much will fall where but a thin surface of soil covers the hard rock; so that the seed will spring up quickly, but, having no root, the plant will as quickly wither. How many young persons have wept under a sermon, have been excited during a revival, have crowded to prayer-meetings and inquiry-classes, have poured out their hearts to their friends or pastor, and have confessed Christ by seeking membership with his church, but have soon relapsed into more than their former frivolity! And the sower knows also that much of of the seed will be choked. He looks round on this professor and on that, and remembers how during many years there was the appearance of Christian consistency and fervor and zeal. But riches have increased, and the heart has made them an idol; and the world has become the chief object of desire—fashion, status, fame power, ease, pleasure, something else than Christ has become the ruling passion, and the plant is unfruitful. There is still the outward profession; but the thorns and briers have choked the corn, and there is no *fruit*. And the sower, by the painful disappointments of the past, knows too well what will be the result of much of his toil in the future; and so he *goes forth weeping*. What can be said for his encouragement? First of all, that Jesus, the chief sower, sowed with tears. He was pre-eminently the man of sorrows. He brought not simply the *tidings* of salvation, but salvation *itself*. But he brought those tidings weeping. He wept from human infirmities, the natural weaknesses, fears, and misgivings which he shared with ourselves. He wept because of those fierce temptations with which Satan assails every one who earnestly opposes evil, and which were specially hurled against the Saviour himself. He wept because of evil thoughts and wicked suggestions presented to him by foes, by friends, and directly by the Devil; and in the urgency of the struggle he wept. He wept because of the discouragement he met with. After his first sermon his hearers rose up to slay him. He was despised and rejected by those he came to save. They said he was a deceiver, that he had a devil, that he was mad. His very disciples forsook him when he most needed the sympathy they had so strongly avowed. The personal success of a ministry so earnest was very small. After his resurrection, the number of the names was only "one hundred and twenty." But how soon he came again "with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him"! On the day of Pentecost, when 3,000 were converted, and ever since that day, as sinner after sinner has been saved, he has seen of the travail of his soul. Already there surround his throne a multitude whom no man can number; and what must be the joy when the great harvest home of eternity shall be celebrated!

Let us, then, be encouraged by the example of our Master, who wept so bitterly in the sowing, but who rejoices so triumphantly in the reaping. And let us remember *what* we sow. It is *seed*. It looks small, insignificant, perhaps despicable. If we did not know its properties, we might despise and trample on the puny acorn. But it is a *seed*. There is an *oak* in it, which, centuries after we are forgotten, will spread out its great branches, for the beasts to repose under and for the birds to make joyful music in—branches that will defy the fiercest storm. And this truth as we teach it, the sermons we prepare, the words of counsel we utter may appear to us utterly despicable. But beneath the outside husk there is dormant life; it is *seed*, and may send forth a plant which shall survive the destruction of the visible universe and flourish in the heavenly paradise forever. And it is "*precious seed*." *Precious*, for God is its author. *Precious*, for the blood of Christ purchased it. *Precious*, for it is eternal truth. *Precious*, for it is designed to effect the salvation of immortal souls. Will seed so precious be allowed to be sowed altogether in vain? Verily not! He who provided it has a watchful eye over it. "It shall not return unto him void." In this sense seed-time and harvest shall not fail. Reaping will assuredly follow sowing. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

It is not a chance, but a certainty. "*Doubtless*." It may not be at *once*. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after *many* days." The writer was once applied to for churchmembership by a lady who said that she was converted by means of a sermon he had preached nearly twenty years before, when he was a student, though she had not till then made a Christian *profession*. As a student, he often lamented that so little good seemed to be done by his preaching. How often the teaching of the Sunday school bears no visible fruit till manhood! How often a parent weeps and sows and dies, and the child makes no sign; but *afterward* the seed springs up! O, the joy of the reaping. It will repay a thousand fold all the grief and toil of the sowing. Each sower will have his special share in the joy. He will bring "his sheaves," the results of his own labor. "Here am I and the children thou hast given me." What a harvest home it will be! The sower will come again with "rejoicing." Rejoicing, for the sheaves he brings will rejoice too—immortal souls exulting in their salvation, and he rejoicing in the joy of those he was the instrument of saving. He will share in the rejoicing of the great Husbandman, who will say to every faithful servant, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." What joy the Lord will have in the gathered sheaves of his harvest! He will say, "Rejoice with *me*." Sow on, then! Amid difficulty and discouragement, still sow on. Go forth "weeping." Christ will not reprove such tears. Alas! that we shed so few over our failures! O, for more weeping on the part of the sowers! O, that the seed were more watered by our tears! Such weeping would lead to more praying, and this to more abundant rejoicing.

THE BYRON CONTROVERSY.

BY L. M. CHILD.

It may seem to you that more than enough has been said concerning the charge against Lord Byron; but the conviction that Mrs. Stowe has been very unkindly and unfairly dealt with induces me to add a few words on this unpleasant subject. It has been spoken of as strange that Lady Byron should have confided family secrets to Mrs. Stowe, who was a foreigner and a recent acquaintance. I see nothing unusual in that circumstance. I have reason to know that entire strangers not unfrequently impart secrets to those whose writings have inspired them with confidence. I have often burned letters very hastily, lest, in case of my sudden death, the contents might bring trouble upon families unknown to me. Lady Byron had a predilection for this country, and it was natural she should care what Americans thought of her. She felt a lively interest in our anti-slavery struggle, and was consequently attracted toward abolitionists.

My dear friend, Mrs. Follen, widow of the admirable Dr. Charles Follen, visited England soon after Mrs. Stowe had received her great ovation there. Being a person of refinement and high culture, and a zealous advocate of the anti-slavery cause, she naturally received attention from the same people who courted Mrs. Stowe—such as the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Byron, etc. I spent a day with her soon after her return, and a large portion of it was spent in listening to her accounts of Lady Byron. She described her as a perfect personification of a Christian saint—gentle, loving, charitable in thoughts and deeds, deeply religious, and entirely free from pious pretension. She especially spoke of the liberality and earnestness with which she gave her time, money, and personal attention to rescue young women who had been caught in the snares of vice. Her intercourse with these unfortunate beings was singularly free from the condescension of benevolence; she treated them precisely as if she were their mother or sister, and in that way acquired extraordinary influence over them.

Was this the sort of person likely to bring such a horrid charge against her husband, if it had no other foundation than her own jealous suspicions? Was this a person likely to tell an outright lie, by representing that her husband acknowledged the shameful fact, and tried to induce her to connive at it, by quoting the example of married people in other countries, who were very liberal and obliging to each other in such matters? Worst of all, would such a person fabricate a fiction concerning a child disgraced by its birth, whose last hours she solaced? It seems to me more incredible than the shocking story revealed by Mrs. Stowe.

In the course of my conversation with Mrs. Follen, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years ago, she said: "Lady Byron confided to me the true cause of her separation from her husband. It is known to several individuals; but, for good reasons, has never been made public. I cannot reveal the dreadful secret, because it was told to me in confidence; but thus much I will assure you, it was something so shocking that no woman, even if her principles were not of the strictest, could possibly have consented to live with him."

If Mrs. Follen had spoken to me thus thirty years earlier, I should have been disturbed and indignant; for in my youth I shared the Byron mania, and pitied him for the hard usage I supposed he had received from a cold, stern, puritanical wife. I knew a great deal of his poetry by heart, and had it often on my lips. I wept at the tidings of his death, and gazed at the brilliant evening star with a sentimental feeling that perhaps the spirit of Byron had gone there, and that hereafter I might possibly meet him. I believe this young enthusiasm did me little harm, for I did not understand what was bad in his writings; they attracted me because they awakened vast, vague, and glorious aspirations after a something, I knew not what. The young may float unsoiled through polluted waters, which glance off from them like liquid drops from a duck's plumage.

With time and thoughtfulness and increasing knowledge, the spirit inevitably changes. The change that passed over mine was distinctly marked by the fact that Byron became distasteful to me, and I was absorbed in Wordsworth. Still I had an aversion to Lady Byron, whom I supposed to be a prim, stern character. When Moore's "Life of Byron" was published, an American critic (Robert Walsh, I believe) fitly described it as "the life of a profligate, written by an accomplice." I rose from a perusal of its pages with a feeling that the unfortunate lady had probably met with much to make her stern. Subsequent accounts of her religious trustfulness and unostentatious charities gradually softened my prejudices with regard to her. It has been suggested that she took up philanthropy as a solace for the disappointment of an unhappy marriage, into which both parties had entered from mere worldly motives—he for the sake of her wealth, and she for the sake of his title. The assumption of such a motive on her part seems purely gratuitous. When Byron was first introduced to her, he describes her thus: "There was a simplicity and retiring modesty about Miss Milbanke which formed a happy contrast to the cold, artificial formality and studied stiffness which is called fashion. She interested me exceedingly." Instead of seeking him for his title, the indifference of her manner toward him contrasted so strongly with the adulation he was accustomed to receive from women that his vanity seems to have been piqued by it, and he was excited to ascertain whether life could be awakened in the beautiful statue. He tells us that he twice offered himself to her; and was refused, in a gentle and friendly way, declining to marry him, because she did not love him, but expressing a wish to retain his friendship. This does not look like a title-hunter. He persevered. And when we remember that he was personally handsome, elegant in manners, surrounded by the dazzling aureole of genius and fame, over which no shadow had then passed, and that he was constantly exerting his great magnetic power to awaken love in her heart, is it wonderful that he succeeded in fascinating her?

Lord Byron's father was a notorious profligate, and the wretched terms on which he lived with his wife imbued their son with a great horror of marriage; and he tells us, moreover, that by temperament he hated restraints and regulations. But these facts do not fully account for the strange state of his feelings on the day of his marriage. He had gained an attractive and wealthy woman, in whom he professed to have been deeply interested, and whose love he had pertinaciously sought; yet he dreaded the wedding. He says: "Something whispered to me that I was sealing my own death-warrant. I would have retreated at the last moment, could I have done so. I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and after the ceremony called her Miss Milbanke." Libertine reluctance to assume a fetter seems an insufficient explanation of this bridal-shudder. It seems to indicate uneasiness about some dark secret hidden in his breast, accompanied, perhaps, by twinges of remorse for the deception he was practicing.

Everybody knows how his subsequent writings were filled with sarcasms evidently aimed at his wife. As she remained silent under this shower of poisoned arrows, the world considered him as a highly interesting victim—dissipated, no doubt, but who *would* have been good if he had not been yoked to such a heartless, unrelenting wife! It was a very severe ordeal for a woman to pass through; and it is not to be wondered at that she longed to explain to some whom she respected and trusted that she was not so capricious and hard-hearted as she had been represented. And when the mistress of Lord Byron published a book repeating the same old charges against his wife, who can blame Mrs. Stowe for the generous indignation which impelled her to vindicate the memory of her calumniated friend? I, for one, do not. It was a womanly feeling, and I honor her for it. If ever such a story ought to be told, it seems to me that the circumstances of this case justify it. It is a puzzling question whether the gross vices of society ought to be unveiled, as a means of discovering a cure; or whether they should be carefully covered, lest young minds should become dangerously familiar with them. There is much to be said on both sides of this argument. Looking at society as it exists under the covering-up process, with such a thin crust of conventional propriety over foul and dark pitfalls, into which the ignorant and unwary are constantly falling, I sometimes feel as if no amount of disclosure could produce a worse state of things than now exists, where secresy stimulates curiosity, and there is no wise instruction to satisfy it.

But that is a subject too vast and intricate to be discussed in a few columns. I merely wished to express my belief that Lady Byron has been deeply wronged and cruelly traduced, and that noble motives impelled Mrs. Stowe to seek to right the wrong. How she can be accused of violating confidence I cannot understand; for Lady Byron consulted her concerning the publication of what she stated to be facts, and it was left a mere question as to time.

The whole controversy resolves itself into this: either Lord Byron or Lady Byron have practiced base hypocrisy and told egregious lies. From what we know of the characters of each, which seems the most likely to have been unprincipled and selfish?

Lord Byron's brilliant but disordered mind gave many indications of the insanity said to be hereditary in his family. Let us imitate the example of his much-enduring wife, and grant him the benefit of this apology for his wild excesses; and, since his nature unfitted him to be a guiding star, let us accept him as a brilliantly conspicuous beacon.

THE GENERAL WELFARE PARAMOUNT.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

As the time approaches for the annual state election in Massachusetts, the friends and the opponents of the Prohibitory Liquor Law are busily working, by diverse but characteristic methods, to secure the nomination and choice of those who, "in General Court assembled," will sustain the law on the one hand or vote for its repeal on the other. The former, assured of the rectitude of their cause, are holding public meetings (which should be greatly multiplied) in various sections of the commonwealth, and openly confronting and successfully answering the various objections urged against the law. Animated by the highest regard for the public welfare, their appeals are to reason and common sense, to whatever is calculated to elevate the moral nature, to the noblest sentiments of patriotism, to the purest dictates of religion. Rejoicing in the light, they disseminate it freely, so that all addressed may act intelligently in the matter. The latter are burrowing in the dark, and stealthily laying their plans to gain the mastery at the polls, as they did in 1867. They sagaciously prefer this course because they are conscious that the more they engage in a public discussion of the question the more certain is their discomfiture. Arguments they have none; all reliable facts, all attainable statistics are against them; and they can only deal in senseless declamation, low abuse, impotent ridicule, wrathful bluster. So true it is that "evil men understand not judgment; but they that seek the Lord understand all things." So true is it, also, that "when the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn." It may be safely declared that "whoso keepeth the (prohibitory) law is a wise son"; that "they that forsake the law praise the wicked, but such as keep the law contend with them." Let the conflict go on; so far as the temperance side is concerned, it is in the interest of all that relates to the safety and happiness of society. Let it go on, until every dram-shop is suppressed in the commonwealth and throughout the land.

To the outcry that such suppression is an unwarrantable stretch of legislative power it may be replied, in the language of an eloquent writer: "It is forgotten that the essence of tyranny consists not in the fact that men obey, but that they do so without knowing and comprehending the reason of their action. The one characteristic of real freedom is that a nation acts with consent and intelligence. The nation is ever free when itself wills the restraints which on it

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LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

UNCLE CALEB and Ruth his wife,
Caring little for outside weather,
Fifty years of their wedded life
Spent in this tiny house together.

Mossy the roof and gray the wall,
Narrow the window, low the door;
But love's own sunlight hallowed it all,
From raftered ceiling to sanded floor.

Silent to-day; but silver-sweet
Voices of children long ago,
Keeping time to their restless feet,
Followed the mother to and fro.

Scattered afar from East to West,
Seeking their fortunes far and wide;
Not one stays in the olden nest,
Where such beautiful memories hide.

Stranger-feet on the time-worn stair
Wake the echoes of other days!
Stranger-voices are lifted where
Caleb once "turned the tune" of praise.

Caring naught for the desolate pain
Of the wind in the pine-tree tops,
Caring naught for the grieving rain
That so sadly over them drops,

Heeding as little the sunbeam's kiss,
Falling sweet from the summer sky,
In a narrower house than this
Caleb and Ruth together lie.

Up where the many mansions wait,
Is there, I wonder, a cottage small—
Not too stately its pearly gate,
Not too shining its golden wall—

Where these two may in peace abide?
Heaven were none if these must part—
Caleb away from her gentle side,
Ruth afar from his faithful heart!

Hand in hand from morning to night
Traveled these two the long earth-day;
Surely they walk through the fields of light,
Hand in hand on the shining way.

Blessed love of husband and wife,
Love that lasted through cares and fears,
Filling this place with the chrism of life,
Peace unclouded for fifty years.

MARGARET'S STRUGGLE.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"MISS BINGHAM!"

The name was spoken distinctly, with a clear, silvery accent, that fell upon the ears of the nearest of a long row of girls seated or standing at their frames in a dingy composing-room, at the top of a high building, filled with the whir and buzz of Hoe's steam presses, and caused some of them to glance away from the motions of their nimble fingers to where a fashionably-dressed young lady had paused by the entrance, holding a dainty lace-covered parasol and perfumed handkerchief. She was undeniably pretty, and her rather *petite* form seemed lost in a maze of silken puffs and ruffles, crowned by extensive frizzes of blonde hair, on which some slight apology for a bonnet appeared to have perched by accident.

"O, yes, Miss Bingham is here," returned the gentlemanly foreman, bowing low, while a little flush mounted to his forehead. "Shall I ask her to step this way, or will you walk round to where she is at work?"

The lady signified her willingness to go to Miss Bingham; and the young man politely led the way to where a tall, dark girl was so absorbed with her type-setting that she had not remarked the entrance of the visitor. She was dressed in a brown dress of rather coarse stuff, entirely devoid of ornament, except a strip of linen collar at the throat. Her black hair was abundant and glossy. Her eyes were large and thoughtful, and she bent the weight of them upon those to whom she gave her attention with singular earnestness. A little more fresh air and sunshine would have brought the rich blood mantling to her cheeks.

"Caught at last, Margaret," and the lady placed her exquisitely gloved hand on that girl's shoulder.

Margaret turned with a start more of surprise than pleasure. "You here, Sybil Grosvenor?"

"Yes, of course, I am here"; and she would have kissed her, but the dark face held itself aloof. Margaret was not one to bandy kisses lightly. The young foreman at some little distance noticed the motion, slight though it was. "You may thank me, Margaret," continued the visitor, in a light tone, "for poking through all sorts of ill-smelling places to find you. You know I had a reputation for frankness when we were in school together; so I will confess to not being wholly moved in the search by the promptings of affection. Female curiosity had something to do with it. I wanted to see the den where you had hidden away from your friends."

"I have not hidden away from my friends," responded Margaret, in a quick, half-proud, half-defiant tone, resting her inky fingers on the edge of a frame, and looking up with an air which her visitor in all her silks and furbelows might have envied. "I am here earning my bread at honest work, and have never taken any pains to conceal the fact. And, if my friends choose to visit me, they may be sure of a welcome; but I think I have proven the truth of the old adage, 'that friends are summer birds.'"

Miss Grosvenor noticed the tone of sarcasm in which the last words were uttered. She was perched now on a stool, which Mr. Fields, the foreman, had placed for her, and had spread out her attire becomingly. The fact that there was one male eye to behold her, though not the eye of a gentleman, in her estimation, was sufficient to tempt Sybil Grosvenor's coquetry.

"It is hardly fair of you to say that," she exclaimed, with a pretty pout, "when I have just hopelessly lost my breath up five flights, and been obliged to ransack ever so many dirty streets, to find you out."

"You are very kind," responded Margaret, quietly taking up her "stick" and fitting it into her hand, while she noticed the curious glances directed toward her gay friend from different parts of the busy room. "But it takes more than one swallow to make a summer; and I do not imagine that my fashionable acquaintances, generally, will follow your example."

"Of course, people can't come to such a place as this," and Miss Grosvenor glanced over the grimy, smeary aspect of the room disapprovingly.

"Why on earth, Margaret, if you must strike out in this singular, unheard-of manner, did you choose such a dirty business?"

A flush of anger lighted on Margaret's cheek. "You speak," said she, bitterly, "as if I had chosen this course from caprice and a desire to be eccentric. You are not, perhaps, aware that I was thrown upon my own resources and felt obliged to earn my living. How should you appreciate it, and what it has cost me, when you have never known the struggle for life? The dirty business, as you call it, chose me. I never took kindly to accomplishments. The only things I really had a head for were mathematics and languages; but in our school Greek and logarithms were not considered fit studies for girls. I was obliged to content myself with being superficial, because it was considered feminine; and, when poor father died, and left me wholly dependent on my step-mother, I was as utterly helpless as a baby. I could not get the lowest place in a public school; because I had not been educated there, and was ignorant of the system. The daughter of an Irish laborer had advantages over me."

"Come, now," put in Miss Grosvenor, shaking out a little cloud of perfume, "own up, Margaret, that it was a touch of eccentricity, and your desire of asserting yourself, which caused you to take this singular step. I always knew there was a good deal of the Spartan about you, and you had queer ways of going on about woman's rights; but surely Mrs. Bingham would have kept you like a lady, if you had chosen to stay with her, and there was no real need of your going out of our set."

"Mrs. Bingham would have kept me," answered Margaret, with a slight curl of her lip, "to save appearances, without giving me the position of a daughter or of a servant in the family. I should have merely been an unwelcome dependent. So long as poor father lived, and his salary sufficed to provide for his own personal expenses and clothe and school me, leaving Mrs. Bingham free to spend the whole of her income on herself and daughters, things were barely endurable. But we never loved each other. We had no aims or ideas in common. Like must go to like, Sybil; and I would sooner take from the hand of a stranger than live on Mrs. Bingham's bounty."

"Well," laughed Sybil, "the children of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light. I don't suppose Mrs. Bingham is an angel to live with; but I would put up with a great deal rather than lose caste and forfeit my place in society. I have heard, Margaret, that Mrs. Bingham regrets now treating you as she did. There have been disagreeable remarks made; and, on the whole, I am sure she would be very glad to have you come back."

"I see who I am to thank for this visit," exclaimed Margaret, straightening up and eyeing her visitor keenly, until the blood burnt in her cheeks. "But you may go back and tell Mrs. Bingham that I am not yet in a position to sacrifice my independence to her pride. We do vastly better apart; and she need not trouble herself about employing a special pleader."

"You are cruel and unjust," cried Sybil, with considerable spirit. "Mrs. Bingham knows nothing about it. I was prompted solely by kindness for you; but, like the man in the play, I am ready to vow I will never do a good-natured thing again. I always liked you, Margaret, though you were different from other girls, preaching against follies and fashions and about the disadvantages of women. I am afraid you will join yourself unto the strong-minded yet, and go around to those horrid conventions, screeching for your rights. For my part, I have all the rights I want. I am willing to take the good the gods provide!"

"The gods are very obliging to you," responded Margaret, thinking she had been unnecessarily harsh, and ready to accept the diversion; "but do you never feel a pang of pity for those whom the gods leave out in the cold—penniless old maids, widows, and young women destitute of male supporters?"

"Of course, I do," replied Sybil, a little hotly; "but I don't think there is any need of their stepping out of their sphere, and making horrid masculine frights of themselves." She was getting beyond her depth, so she abruptly changed the subject. "Do you mean to stay here forever setting type, Margaret?"

"I shall certainly stay here until I can find work more suited to my taste. A friend of mine," and she glanced involuntarily toward where the considerate young foreman was assisting an awkward learner, "has lent me some works on bookkeeping; and I study evenings, with a view to fitting myself for a book-keeper's situation in some store, if such a place should offer."

"I have no doubt you will succeed," said Sybil; "for you have ten times the pluck, and perseverance of any girl I ever knew. I always did take to you," she added, getting off the stool and shaking out her skirts; "but, to be honest, you never encouraged anything like intimacy between us. You thought me frivolous, and kept me at arm's length; but it pains me now to think I must give you up. Can't I come and see you where you live, Margaret; for I suppose you do live somewhere, though goodness knows how. And I should like to have you visit me," after a little pause, and the thought, "I hope she won't present herself on my reception-day, looking like a dowd."

"Thank you," said Margaret, rather coldly, "I have no leisure day for visiting, except Sunday." But she gave her address, a number in an obscure down-town street. And Sybil took leave, rustling away through the dingy hive and down the narrow staircase.

It was late in the day, and most of the hands had left, when Margaret took her plain sacque and bonnet down from their peg, prepared to go home. Mr. Fields stood beside her, hat in hand. There was the alert, prompt expression of a thoroughbred workman about him, and over it a tinge of refinement not common to his class. He was what we call in America a self-made man. Like many of our brightest minds, he had gone to school to the printing-press. The culture of his intellect, from night study and hard drudging, was joined with good manners, which is too seldom the case with men deprived of early advantages. Margaret, as she glanced up at his tall person, could not help thinking how thoroughly self-reliant and manly he looked. They went down the steps in silence, and gained the open street.

"I am afraid, Miss Bingham, you are very weary to-night," said the young man, considerately, glancing aside at his companion's jaded face. "I fear this work is too severe for you. Type-setting is no child's play; and your early habits have unfitted you for such labors."

"No, no," replied Margaret, quickly. "Work is my best tonic. I never knew what it was to have bread taste sweet in my mouth until I earned it myself. I am a little out of sorts to-night; but I attribute it to the visit I received this morning. There has been a great struggle in my life, Mr. Fields; and perhaps I have not wholly overcome, but I shall in time."

The words were quietly spoken, but they embarrassed the young foreman very much. Fortunately, just then they were crossing a crowded street, which rendered it unnecessary for him to make a direct reply. When he had helped Margaret to the other curbstone, he opened on a new track.

"I have a piece of news which may possibly interest you," said he, with a touch of diffidence. "My articles have been accepted by the editor of the —— Journal, naming a prominent sheet; and after this I am to contribute regularly."

"Oh, I am so very glad!" exclaimed Margaret, betraying more enthusiasm than she really intended to manifest. Now you will soon get into the editorial department, where by your talents you rightly belong; and we shall hear of you as a rising man."

It is probable that the sufferages of half the world would not have proved so welcome to Edwin Fields's heart as those few impulsive words. He colored deeply with pleasure; but the glow died out almost as quickly as it arose.

"I must have something to work for," said he. "I need an inspiration. I have always been deficient in selfish ambition; but, if I could hope for what I want most—not that I have any right to hope for it—perhaps, who knows, I might make a name in the world. Love, they say, has done wonders for men possessed of but little genius."

The last words sank to a mere murmur. Margaret kept her eyes steadily before her, without answering. She felt that she had gone too far. They turned the corner of the obscure street, where she lived.

"Would you like to attend Professor M——'s lecture on Oxygen, to-night, at the Cooper Institute?" inquired Mr. Fields, in a constrained way.

"Thank you," returned Margaret, gently. "My head aches, and I think I had better remain at home to-night."

The young man looked disappointed but he did not urge his wish, and they parted calmly enough at the doorway of the shabby dwelling where Margaret lodged. Up three pairs of stairs she toiled languidly, to a small back room, which she called home. It looked out upon blackened roofs and dirty courtyards, and was meagerly furnished. Still there was a square of carpet, a little table of books, and a green plant in one of the windows, with marks of a lady's fine touches everywhere.

Margaret opened her air-tight stove and made herself a cup of tea—the tired woman's unfailing panacea. Then, nestling into the easiest chair she possessed, she let down her hair and began staring into the fire with her lonely young eyes. She was thinking of Edwin Fields. She knew she had furnished the stimulus for his mind and heart during many months; and the query now arose within her as to how she regarded him. Her whole future depended upon it; for, unless she could answer the young foreman as a true-hearted man deserves to be answered by a true-hearted woman, when the question came, which she felt must inevitably come Margaret had determined to leave her place.

It did occur to her to wonder what the old set would say if it should ever chance to reach their ears that she had married a mechanic. But what cared she for the old set or their opinions? She knew in her heart that Edwin Fields was ten times as well-informed and ten times as true a gentleman as any of the men she had met in what is called society. So the ground was cleared in this brave young girl's path of false pride and silly prejudice, leaving room for the grave consideration, Did she love him?

Some months later, toward the close of April, when the sunshine lay for a scant hour in Margaret's attic room, she had grown a little sad and sentimental one morning at the thought of flitting from her old quarters, where she had lived and struggled through so much—for Margaret was about to enter upon a new sphere of life—when there came a light tap at the door. She turned quickly away from her rosebush, that was beginning to show some pink-lipped buds, prepared to meet an expected guest, when there upon the dismal little landing outside she encountered Sybil Grosvenor.

"As near Heaven as ever, Margaret," cried the gay girl, laughing and panting in the same breath. "I stopped the carriage at the corner and ran up to tell you that I am going to be married next week in St. —— church. The papers call it the wedding of the season. I'm to have eight bridesmaids and loads of flowers. Oh! you ought to see my wedding presents. They are magnificent. If you will come up the day beforehand, I will show them to you."

"You have forgotten to mention the bridegroom's name," said Margaret, much amused.

"O, have I? Well, it is Sterrit Rathbun. You know we used to poke fun at him; but he really has improved wonderfully, and you can't think how fond he is of me. He has given me an elegant diamond set; and his mother says I 'have been the making of him.' Now, Margaret, you must promise to come and see us married."

"I should be pleased to," said Margaret, quietly; "but the truth is, I am going to be married myself next week."

"You, Margaret, married? Who to, pray?"

"Edwin Fields, the foreman in our establishment."

"Now, you don't mean to tell me you are going to throw yourself away on a common mechanic?"

"There's no question of throwing myself away," returned Margaret, proudly. "I am a working woman, and it is eminently proper that I should marry a workingman. The only difference is, he is far cleverer than I am. He began where Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley began, and like them is working his way upward."

"I always knew you were queer," said Sybil, with a marked change in her manner; "but I thought you would get sick of your heroics after a while, and return to Mrs. Bingham. Well, I am sorry; for I meant to ask you to come and stay with me by and by. Sterrit is good-natured, and would not mind who I might have at the house."

"Of course, nothing of that sort is to be thought of," returned Margaret with dignity. "Our life-paths lie an immeasurable distance apart."

Miss Grosvenor took her leave, without excess of ceremony; and perhaps until that moment Margaret was not aware how great had been her life-struggle and how complete was her victory.

LUTHER AT EISENACH.

BY HENRY S. BURRAGE.

IN the life of Martin Luther Eisenach possesses an attractiveness to the reader which is scarcely inferior to that of Erfurt. To the traveler, however, it possesses a deeper interest. Fortunately the two places are on the same line of railroad, and quite near each other; so, having finished my exploration of Erfurt, I returned to the station, entered the train, and, rapidly skirting the northern limits of the Thuringian Forest, was landed after a two hours' ride at the station in Eisenach.

The town, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Saxe Eisenach, but now belonging to the Grand Duchy of Weimar, has considerably outgrown its former limits, and now contains upward of 12,000 inhabitants. Leaving the station, I walked toward the town. Before me was an ancient stone tower, doubtless formerly one of the defenses of the place. Passing under this memorial of an age long past, I found myself at once amid scenes which awaken so many memories connected with Luther's boyhood. Luther came to Eisenach when fifteen years of age. The previous year he had spent in the Franciscan school at Magdeburg. His father, unable, however, to meet the expenses of the place, decided to send him to Eisenach, where it was hoped that Luther's relatives living in the town would be willing to render him some assistance. But this hope failed; and Luther, soon after his arrival in Eisenach, was in as great want as he had been in Magdeburg. Then it was that he came forth into these streets, and, singing from house to house, craved "Bread for God's sake." Oftentimes he received only cold words in answer to this urgent prayer. One day, having been thus repulsed from three houses, he was about to return to his room, when, oppressed by the thought that for want of bread he must give up his plans of study, and return to the mines in Mansfeld, he stopped before a house in the Place St. George. As he stood there in silent meditation, the door of the house opened, and the wife of Conrad Cotta, whom the chronicles of Eisenach call "the pious Shunamite," bade him enter. His singing and hearty prayers at church had already attracted her attention; and, witnessing his distress, she now offered him a room in her house and a seat at her table as long as he chose to enjoy her hospitality. Luther's fears were at once banished. He continued his studies with fresh zeal, winning the admiration of his teachers as he advanced. For three years the home of the Cotta family was his home. The memory of that home lingered in his affections through life; and it was with reference to her who welcomed him so kindly to it that he afterward uttered those memorable words, "There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious woman." Years after, when he had become a professor of theology in the University at Wittenberg, and his name was on all men's lips, a son of Conrad Cotta came to Wittenberg to study. Luther not only received him kindly, in memory of those early days, but took him at once to his home and his heart. Nor did he ever forget those dark days at Eisenach. Indeed, the voices of a choir of boys in the street never failed to call forth a liberal benefaction from his hands. Once he said to a friend: "Do not despise the boys who seek alms by singing from door to door, 'Give us bread for God's sake.' I too have done the same; I have been a poor alms-seeker; and now I have made such way with my pen that I would not change fortunes with the Grand Turk himself. Nay, more, were all the earth's goods piled together, I would not take them in exchange for what I possess; and yet I should not have arrived at the state in which I now am if I had not been at school and had not learned to write." Luther left Eisenach in 1501, and entered the University at Erfurt.

We have no account of Luther revisiting Eisenach until his return from the Diet at Worms, in 1521. He reached the town just at night. His old acquaintances at once crowded around him and entreated him to preach on the following day. Luther consented, and at the appointed hour he was escorted to the church by a long procession. Twenty-three years before he had sung in those streets, "Bread for God's sake." He now ascended the pulpit, and unfolding the truths of the Eternal Word, presented to his hearers that bread which cometh down from Heaven. Leaving the church, he decided not to continue his journey to Wittenberg by way of Gotha and Erfurt; but to visit his grandmother, in the village of Möhra. Setting out with a few attendants, he was soon in the depths of the Thuringian Forest. He had not proceeded far, however, before a party of horsemen suddenly rode up, seized Luther, placed him upon a horse, led him about the forest until nightfall, and then conducted him to the Wartburg, a castle which crowns a lofty eminence overlooking the town of Eisenach. The party with their prisoner reached the castle at midnight. Luther was not in the hands of enemies, however; but of friends—the seizure being a device of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who feared for the safety of the Reformer. Armsdorf, who was one of Luther's traveling companions, and witnessed the seizure, only knew that his friend was a prisoner; concerning the persons who had captured him he knew nothing. "Does he live, or has he been murdered?" wrote that great artist of Luther's time, Albrecht Durer. At first, Melancthon only was intrusted with the secret of the Reformer's safety. "Our dearest father lives," he wrote out of the fullness of joy which thrilled his heart when he received the glad announcement. And again, later, he wrote: "Our Elias is still not with us; but we wait and hope. What shall I further say? The longing for him grieves me sore."

It was toward the Wartburg, his Patmos, as Luther called it, that I now turned. The ascent occupies nearly a half-hour. As one approaches the summit, where the well-worn way was cut through the solid rock, he may be sure that he is passing over the road by which Luther, on the night just referred to, ascended to the castle, a weary prisoner. At the drawbridge at the entrance of the castle a soldier on guard was walking to and fro; for the Wartburg is the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Weimar, and, although it was now the middle of October, the Duke and his family still lingered here. A guide was easily procured, and I was conducted through the various rooms in the castle which are open to visitors. The main building has been recently restored, yet in the style in which it was originally built. We visited first the armory, which contains many specimens of ancient armor. Among these is the armor worn by Luther as "Junker Georg"—his title while a resident here—and also that of his friend, the Elector of Saxony. Then we went to the chapel where Luther often preached during this period of seclusion. The passage-way which leads to the chapel is adorned with paintings representing scenes in the life of St. Elizabeth, wife of a landgrave of Thuringia, who had his seat here. In an adjoining hall occurred the great musical contest in 1207; the castle was founded in 1070. At length we came to Luther's room, which happily remains very much as he left it. One sees still the table, chair, and bed of the unknown knight. Here he lived—commencing in this room his translation of the Bible—from May 4th, 1521, until March 6th, 1522. Then, at the earnest request of Melancthon, no less than in accordance with his own desire, but against the wishes of the Elector, he returned to Wittenberg, and once more threw himself into the conflict which he had inspired. Indeed, he had borne his separation from his work and from his friends only with a growing impatience.

As I re-entered the courtyard, another party crossed the drawbridge, and on the invitation of the guide I turned about and made a second tour of the castle—a pleasure, indeed, for it was hard to leave a place around which clustered so many historical associations. Then, too, the view from the castle caused me to tarry still longer; for it is a rare one, especially in October, when the trees on the wooded hights around are clothed in their autumnal dress. So I lingered as long as my plans for the day permitted, and then descended to the town.

The Budget.

BY M. C. A.

IT was but a few steps from the sunshine of an October morning into the chilly shadows of St. Stephen's church. It was dirty—Catholic churches almost always are. It was bare, as Catholic churches always are, excepting their altars. These, with their soft carpets, gilded images, and sumptuous paintings, presenting such exalting contrast to the uncovered floors and hard seats of its worshipers. The doors of St. Stephen's always stand open, as do those of all Catholic churches. Why not of all Protestants? If the church be truly the HOUSE OF GOD, should it not be ever open to HIS children? Outside of St. Stephen's, what cowds of human beings were rushing down the streets and avenues! Here in the church I counted five worshipers—each one a worshiper, who could doubt? In the front pew was a very old woman, oh! how poorly dressed, slowly counting her beads with a palsied hand; and beside her an aged man, with thin white hair, counting his. Two seats back, a young girl knelt, wrapped in a faded shawl. Her neglected hair fell about a face pale and thin—a face sad with sin as well as suffering. On the altar steps two patrician children were playing—children as lovely as their childhood with its golden hair could make them. A little way off, their nurse was touching her face with holy water and saying her prayers; while in a remote corner knelt a stately woman, richly dressed in black and crape. In the vast church these were all. The sun shone through the great windows of stained glass, covering the white walls with long rays of gold and violet and sapphire. It poured its glory down on the image of the crucified Christ which, life-size, was suspended upon the cross above the altar. The intensity of light brought out every line and muscle, every phase of agony in limb and face, with startling human reality. It seemed, indeed, a living body—a human soul in anguish unutterable—while above shone the outstretched arms of waiting angels and the overshadowing glory of the Holy Ghost. Five worshipers! Every face turned toward the image of its Christ. No organ walled the *Miserere*. No voice of priest told the "story of the Cross." Yet in the utter silence it was all told. Looking into each face upturned toward its Christ, the mystery of a vicarious Saviour needed no explanation. Here was one woman wearing the garments of fashion; but her face mocked the richness of her robes. The world's apples of gold and pictures of silver, what were they more than ashes to her aching heart! The rest were poor, and old, save one, and she was an outcast. In the dazzling streets outside, who cared for those? In all the world, who had ever loved or suffered for them? Poor, despised, rejected among men, the pomp, the glory, the joy of this life, had they not missed it all? And He! the Son of God! He had borne their griefs, and carried their sorrows, and died and arisen for them. "For *me*," said the heart of the outcast, "even for *me!*" Looking into such faces, uplifted to their Lord, how certain it makes one that the Christ of Renan, "the man Jesus" of the philosopher, the Teacher and the Friend of the scholar, can never take the place of the God-Saviour with the yearning masses of the poor, the sinful, and the sick, *who in this world have missed so much!*

....What a pity that so clannish and sectional a college as that presided over by Gen. Lee should be the only one which has established a professorship of journalism. But it is not at all surprising that so many journals sneer at the fact of such a professorship, or ridicule the idea that any special training, outside of the printing-office, is necessary to an accomplished journalist. No other sentiment would be likely to issue from those editorial chairs which are occupied by boys and "Bohemians," to whom has fallen altogether more than their due share of the power to form public opinion. The responsible editor of a leading journal is almost always a man of marked talent and experience, who has outlived his nonsense. But, after all, how much goes into every paper that its chief never writes—how much of the "make-up" of a paper is done by "snipper-snappers" of boys, who actually have nothing in them to impress upon the public but their crude prejudices, their want of knowledge of the truest and purest life, their vulgarity and insufferable conceit: all is carried with a glib smartness, which utters the impudence of ignorance with the authority of the most exalted wisdom. Nevertheless, Tom makes a statement with the immutable air of a Mede or a Persian, and declares: "I know it is true; I read it in the paper." Sally tells you a miraculous story, and adds: "Of course, it's so; I read it in the paper." Tom and Sally are overcome by the prestige of types, the authority of print. If they could only hear all that they have read from the mouth of the chap who wrote it, they very likely would not think of believing half that he said. This only proves that the class who have such power to shape the thoughts of the masses should be worthy to shape it; and not only worthy, but mentally and morally trained to do it. There would be a great outcry if a pack of schoolgirls were turned into our editorial offices to help "shape public opinion," if only by the way of items and paragraphs, because they were "smart" and had "graduated." We have yet to learn why the foolishness of boys in such places is any more to be desired than that of girls. Their effusions are quite as diluting to the public brains, and a good deal more demoralizing to the public morals. The *World*, in a strong editorial on "Teaching Journalism," tells the truth about this matter:

"To say that a herd of clever youngsters can be turned loose into newspaper offices, and trusted to write happy-go-lucky articles upon the momentous themes which there engage their pens, is to say that it is of no consequence whether the destinies of the country, which they help so much to shape, are shaped well or ill. They must be trained to a notion of the dignity and responsibility of their work, if they are to do that work as it ought to be done."

....While we compare the governmental and social life of England with that of our own country, it seems strange that the movement for Woman's Suffrage should have already reached a more advanced state there than in America. But in England women vote now in municipal affairs; and there are already between two and three thousand women voters on the municipal register at Leicester, the total number being only about sixteen thousand. Another marked distinction in the movement in England from that of America is the large number of men, leaders in position and in intellect, who there not only favor it, but who are its most pronounced, outspoken advocates, both in print and in speech. *They* evidently feel perfectly assured in the safety of their own position, no matter how fast or how far woman, having thrown down her fetters, may advance in hers! It was at a late meeting of the London National Society for Woman's Suffrage, in the course of an address, Lord Houghton made these remarks:

"I think that it is almost impossible for any man fully to understand the delicate relations between the sexes whohas not had before him the interesting spectacle of a society in which women are invisible, and in which the whole outer world goes on without them, and in which it is almost a sacrilege for them to be seen. How do Chat women rose from that Eastern condition to what they are now? And is there a larger space, a broader difference between the highest aspiration and what you are, than between what you are and the condition of the East? Mr. Mill has shown us that even that singular seclusion does not prevent woman from showing her remarkable capacity for government and becoming the most notable personages in the state. He has told us that the Indian governments, of which we speak with the most comfort and applause, are almost solely directed by women; and Sir Richard Temple, the chief commissioner of Central India, says that a long experience of India fully convinced him in that opinion. If, under such peculiarly unfavorable circumstances, a woman of talent can be found in the East, it is very little to say that political rights and thoughts, if they become part of the education of Western women, might be developed with equal success and advantage."

Scientific.

WHILE there are comets belonging to the solar system, as is proved by their regular and elliptic orbits, there are other comets that do not belong to this system, but which move in parabolic or hyperbolic orbits, and which after visiting the sun once never return to it. The origin of the periodical comets, such as Encke's or Brorsen's, is utterly inexplicable on the nebular theory which is now generally adopted, and they no doubt have been introduced into our system within a comparatively late period of time. They are wandering bodies, or often systems of bodies, traveling through space from the attraction of one star to that of another. If they come very near a planet, they may be so much deflected from their course as to have their orbits changed to an ellipse. Thus we find periodical comets have their aphelion—*i. e.*, their greatest distance from the sun—close to the orbit of one of the planets. It is then possible, by computing backward, to find when Jupiter and Lexell's comet, for example, were both in that part of Jupiter's orbit where Lexell's comet is at its aphelion, and so find when it probably began its cometary course. When, as sometimes occurs, two or more comets have almost the same course, it seems to indicate that they belonged to a cometary system, and when deflected from their course through space came one after another within the influence of one of the planets. Professor Kirkwood, of Bloomington, Ill., calculates that the comet of 1812 and the fourth of 1846 entered our system about 695 years before Christ, as they and the planet Neptune were all very near together at that time.

....One of the most difficult unsolved problems of science is the nature and cause of gravitation. All we know is the fact that masses of matter, at no matter how great distance from each other, tend to approach one another with momenta having definite ratios to their masses and distances. Yet why one body should draw another, or what it draws it with, or how the attractive influence travels, is utterly beyond our knowledge. It seems self-evident that no influence can travel from the sun to the earth except through a medium. Heat and light which are only insensible motions, and ordinary sensible motions travel only through media. Were the space between us and the sun an absolute vacuum, it seems impossible that a drawing motion could be communicated from the sun to us, any more than a man could attract a fish into his boat without the drawing medium of a hook and line. The theory of Prof. Charles seems almost certainly true, that gravitation must be communicated by some sort of movement of the ether which fills all space, and which must be affected in some general way by the presence of any matter, though differently from what it is by those rapid oscillations of atoms which communicate those waves which we call light and heat.

....Von Haidinger has lately published a paper on the cause of the phenomena of light, heat, and sound which accompany the fall of meteorites. His investigations show that when aerolites come in contact with the air in the upper regions of the atmosphere, even at a distance of from 50 to 100 miles, the fragments are partially arrested by the resistance of the air, which pressure elicits light and heat. Rotation then ensues, and a melted crust is formed. There will be a vacuum following the meteor; and the white-hot compressed air will enclose, in the form of a fireball, both meteorite and vacuum. When the resistance of the air has finally quenched the motion of the meteor, the vacuum will collapse, and a report will follow, similar to that caused by the collapse of the vacuum which follows a ball of lightning. Just as clapping the hands together produces a report, so a louder sound is produced by the air striking together where there has been a vacuum following a ball of lightning or an aerolite which has moved more swiftly than the air can close in after it.

Art and Artists.

THERE is now on exhibition at the gallery of Mr. Schaus, in Broadway, a painting by Erskine Nicol, an artist whose works are not much known here, called "Paying the Rent." The subject is a common one enough with British artists, and is too suggestive of Wilkie's "Rent Day." But Mr. Nicol has been more fortunate in treating it than any other painter whose work we have seen. Most certainly his picture is greatly superior to that of Wilkie, not only in its solid merits as a painting, but in composition and in the delineation of character. There is no poetical feeling, no sentiment, no satire in the work; but it is marvelously fine as a realistic representation of a certain phase of life. The figures in it are full of individual character, and they possess the rare quality of not seeming conscious of being hung up in a frame to be looked at. Each one is wholly absorbed in his own affairs, and the bailiff who sits at the head of the table concentrates all his energies in the difficult operation of nibbing his pen in a most amusing manner. The picture is as good in its way as anything of Knaus, or of the Belgian School, that we have had here; but it is very coarse and thoroughly English. One feels after looking at such works as this a certain degree of disappointment at not having had something better offered him. The workmanship excites admiration of the highest skill, but he fails to touch the spectator's sympathies. The objects represented are perfectly natural, but they lack that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. A man may learn to draw and to paint, but he cannot learn to be a poet; and without poetical feeling he cannot become a great artist.

Mr. N. B. Kittell has on exhibition at his studio his portrait of President Grant, which is to be presented to the New York Mercantile Library.

And *apropos* to the Mercantile Library. The ladies' reading-room in the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, in Montague Street, furnishes in itself, in its whole arrangement and completeness, one of the best examples that we know of, of the growth of a genuine artistic taste among us. It is a comfort to one's eyes to enter such an apartment, where everything is so excellently adapted to the use for which it is appropriated; where there is nothing incongruous nor superfluous, and color and form so entirely satisfy the esthetic craving, while the quality and design are so productive of satisfying ease. The apartment is well lighted, well ventilated, well proportioned, and well furnished. There is not the least effort at ornamentation; there are no pictures on the walls, no busts on the mantels or tables. Anything of the sort would be out of place, and would tend to destroy the special character of the room. It is not intended for a lounge for idle people; but for a reading-room, where there should be nothing to distract the attention or to produce annoyances. The seats are the easiest of easy-chairs, the tables are commodious, and the carpets soft—not only to the tread, but to the eye. In striking contrast to this perfect and most agreeable reading-room, we cannot but remember the reading-room in the Cooper Institute, which is a model of inconvenience, and wherein ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in contriving every conceivable impediment and discomfort for the visitor. The naked white walls of this badly-lighted, badly-ventilated, ill-proportioned, and badly-kept apartment are not only distressing, but ruinous to the eyes. We happened, one afternoon, to go into this room and take a foreign newspaper, which was fastened to a desk which faced the windows, into which the bright wintry sun was shining. To read with a bright light shining in our eyes was impossible; so we had to shade our eyes with our hat, and even then it was extremely difficult. But we had not been sitting there long when a sharp feminine voice shrieked in our ear: "You must take your hat off." Looking round, we discovered the young lady who sat at the entrance of the room to preserve order; and we explained to her that the hat was necessary to shade our eyes from the sun, as without it we could not read at all. Supposing the explanation was perfectly satisfactory, we proceeded with our reading; but in a few moments a policeman made his appearance, and said we must either remove our hat or leave the room. Of course, we left the room; but not until we had discovered one of the most hideous groups of plaster statuary that it was ever our misfortune to gaze upon. It was a representation of a female figure placing a laurel crown upon the head of Washington. To a person of weak nerves such an object set in the center of a room devoted to the quiet purposes of study would be completely destructive of that calmness and repose which are so necessary to the enjoyment of literary abstraction. The Cooper Reading-room is munificently supplied with papers and magazines; but a total absence of intelligence is displayed in all the arrangements for the convenience of readers.

Music.

THE demise of the national musical festival of Wales—the Eisteddfod, or gathering of the bards—was announced about two months ago. Considerable interest has been shown in the meetings of late years; but there has been an uncomfortable deficiency of funds, and hence the pride and glory of Cambria, and the embodiment of all her traditional glories, perished ingoobly. There has recently been a bardic gathering, however, at Holywell; which, if it does not remind us particularly of Shenkin, and Glendower, and so forth, must have been at any rate both curious and amusing—especially in respect to the prizes, and the achievements for which they were awarded. Mr. Richard Jones took the first prize of £5 and a medal for a Welsh essay, in which, however, he had no competitor. Mr. Robert Roberts received half a guinea for playing on the piano-forte Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"; Mr. R. Herbert Williams took a premium of five shillings for reciting "The Dying Gladiator"; and a Mrs. Williams was awarded five shillings for the best pair of home-knit stockings. Bardic festival, forsooth!

....The dispute as to Wagner's merits, fanned into a hot flame in Europe by the appearance of the composer's essay on "Judaism in Music," and the rehearsals of his opera of "Rheingold," has been taken up in New York by Mr. Jerome Hopkins, who comes to his brother musician's rescue in a very curious letter. Mr. Hopkins thinks it no more than natural that the English public, which looked coldly at first upon Handel, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, and are not yet ready to take "too frequent doses" of Schubert and Schumann, should not like Wagner until they get used to him. We don't see how this follows. Mr. Hopkins demands a recognition of Wagner's "earnestness"; but earnestness alone does not make one a great composer. Mr. Hopkins himself is earnest. In conclusion, he pronounces everybody who does not like Wagner "an ignoramus"—which seems to us to close the controversy.

....The agitation for a grand concert-hall in New York is becoming serious. Mr. Albert Weber, the piano maker, offers to be one of a number of gentlemen who will subscribe $25,000 each for the purpose; and, though the proposal is no doubt made with an eye to business, we hope something may come of it. Steinway Hall is good as far as it goes; but we need a larger hall, for grand occasions, and one with a fine organ in it. Moreover, in Steinway Hall you can hear none but Steinway's pianos. It is understood that the Philharmonic Society want to build a hall with the profits of their proposed musical festival. Can't their scheme be combined with Mr. Weber's?

....Mr. Theodore Ritter, the young pianist who is playing at Carlotta Patti's concerts, is such a modest, quiet artist that his real eminence is in danger of being overlooked. He enjoys a fine reputation in Paris as a classical player of the very best school, who is too conscientious a musician to stoop to the ordinary tricks for securing popularity, or to play anything but the highest compositions. It is not once in half a dozen years that we find a better interpreter of the music of Bach and Beethoven. We cannot say, however, that he has made an extraordinary impression in New York; for artists like him the general public is slow to appreciate. Musicians have not failed to rate him at his true value. The Patti troupe go this week to Boston.

....Miss Kellogg sang recently for the inmates of one of the charitable institutions of Hartford. She will probably be heard in opera in New York next month. Madame Parepa-Rosa and her company are singing with brilliant success in Philadelphia. Madame Camilla Urso, who has been to Europe, on account of an injury to her wrist, returned last week, greatly improved in health.

....A grand organ has just been erected in the Rev. Rufus Ellis's church, in this city, by the Messrs. Walcker, the builders of the great organ in the Boston Music Hall. It has three manuals (comprising in all 31 registers), 8 pedal registers, and 10 mechanical stops, and is supplied with wind by a hydraulic engine.

....A rumor that Adelina Patti lost her voice while singing at Homburg, and that the opera was closed in consequence, is pronounced entirely false.

Missionary News.

MR. VERBECK, formerly of the Reformed (Dutch) Mission, who has been invited by the Japanese government to Yedo to take charge of a government school, writes from that city that after going there in March last he was very pleasantly situated

Our Young Folks.

A PARTING.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Well, Frankie, good-bye for the present;
I hope you've enjoyed yourself here.
You must make us another such visit,
As long and as jolly, next year.

I've heard that the city in summer
Is always so dreadfully hot;
The change, I am sure, will be dreary,
From country to town, will it not?

Are you truly quite sad about going?
To judge from your looks, I should say
You would give a great deal to remain here,
If only a single more day.

But that is impossible, Frankie;
Your trunk is all ready, you know,
And your mother has written, and—goodness!
I wish that you hadn't to go!

I often shall think of you, Frankie,
And miss you from morning till night.
Be careful to send me a letter
As soon as you've leisure to write.

A word or two more. You remember
The day that we spent, you and I,
Alone in the woods with our luncheon,
And—something you said made me cry?

I thought what was asked very startling,
And hurried away through the trees;
But now it's all different, Frankie—
I'd *like* to be kissed, if you please!

EARLY TIMES IN OHIO.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

BY GRANDMA GAGE.

"Now, boys, what's to be done?" said Uncle Dan one morning, as he stood on the doorstep, picking his teeth with a splinter. "These pesky squirrels are worse than Indians, bears, and wolves all put together. Confound their pictures!" (that was a favorite expression with Uncle Dan) "they'll take every ear of corn we can raise, and we'll starve next winter worse than we did that hard year in garrison."

"What can we do?" asked Peter, exhole two feet deep. Mind now—after you've picked out fat ones enough for a pot-pie. Hurrah! boys, now to the plowing." And Joe leaped to his feet, laid his hand on the top of an eight-rail fence, went over it at a bound, and soon had old Kate and Sorrel hitched up and was plowing the long furrow through the riverfield.

What one knew everybody knew in those days. In a little "less than no time" Plowing Match was all the talk. Tim Clarke might have been heard an hour after shouting to Bob Lake, three-quarters of a mile away, "Come to the schoolhouse at hen-roost to-night. Tell all the rest." And Bob thundered to Bill Potter, a mile away, "Ho-ey! Ho-ey! Ho-ey!" And when Bill's team stopped in the valley, he heard the clarion voice echoing from all points in the hollow, "Meet us at the schoolhouse to-night." And so the news circled out a distance of five miles in all directions, and a rousing meeting there was at the schoolhouse grove, as the new moon, with upturned horn, sunk into the tree-tops on the hill.

It did not take long to call the meeting to order. The "platform" was squirrels. The hunt was agreed on; and Joe Ballard and Clarke Middleton were chosen captains, and, taking their stands by the high stumps each side of the schoolhouse door, they proceeded to choose up sides. Do not talk of excitements in these days. Those commanders of the big squirrel hunt had only to call the name, and their adherents ranged themselves instantly on their respective sides. By the time the choosing was completed the night-owls began to hoot on the great poplar at the cross-roads, and that was always about ten o'clock.

No more squirrels were to be killed for a week, so that every scalp might be identified as fresh from the hands of the hunters. The party who could show the most scalps on the appointed evening should win the laurels and the supper, the defeated party furnishing the drinks, which were to be whisky-toddy, egg-nog, and hard cider. Marm Middleton was to do the main cooking, and the tables were to be set under the new sheep-shed, which was eighty feet long and had never been used. All the country round was invited to send refreshments, such as corn-pone, wheat-bread, 'lasses cakes, dried berries, dried pumpkins, and custard pies.

Whatever else might be missing, eggs were plenty, and every log-barn, every brush-heap and fallen tree-top, bed of dried leaves, or hollow log was vocal with "Cut, cut, cut-ca-dah-cut," while "Cock-a-doodle-doo" rang from every stump and fence-rail. Why, boys and girls, I tell you the truth, I've seen Joe, George, Lu, and the rest throw a bushel of eggs at a mark, for the fun of it. Eggs were as plenty as squirrels, and more of either than people were thankful for.

It was terribly hard work for the boys to keep their hands off the squirrels, that grew saucier and saucier, thicker and thicker, until they looked almost like the leaves of the trees.

The girls were as much excited about the hunt as the boys. They were going to the dance after the supper was over, and were there not new kinds of furbelows to be got up?

Let me whisper in your ear, my bright eyes, for all the old folks say, I do not see a mite of difference between the girls and boys of fifty years ago and now. Every girl then looked as pretty as she could; and, if she did not wear silks and flutter ribbons, it was because the merchants did not bring them. And if their pianos made music with a band instead of keys, and spun yarn while they sung the melody, it was because pianos could not be brought over the Alleghanies on pack-horses; not because those great-aunts of ours would not have loved the sweet sounds just as well as you do, my dears, and they must do their own spinning, for no steam engines set steel fingers to work to do it for them, you know, in those days.

It was a busy week, I can tell you. Jenny altered her grandmother's old wedding-dress a little; let down the waist, which was but two inches long, and made it four; bleached it two whole days in a crock of buttermilk, and hung it out two more on the currant bushes; starched it stiff as buckram and ironed it smooth as glass; and then hung a row of cedar sprigs around the bottom for trimming. And it was beautiful.

Emily sold a whole web of linen diaper at the store down at the point, woven huck-a-buck pattern; and she'd sat up many a night to do it, too. She sold it for a quarter of a dollar a yard, and bought a blue and white muslin at a dollar a yard. Five yards of three-quarters wide made the dress; and the color all faded out a year after, when she got caught in a rain going to camp-meeting.

The girls fixed up, and the boys run bullets, and made shot, and sent off for powder. And such a baking and stewing, brewing and toasting, roasting and fricasseeing, beating and boiling, broiling and mixing, never was seen before nor since, I guess.

"Land sakes," cried Mother Middleton. "What fools they be. If they'd just gone at 'em, and let all this foi-de-roling alone, they'd 'a killed twice as many of the critters. But then, seein' as it's Clarke's to be captain, I'll do my best. Come, gals, don't be standin' 'round. Young folks is young folks; but hurry up. I'm not going to do it all."

So adjured, the girls flew around "like hens with their heads cut off," the old lady said.

The schoolmaster wrote some poetry: the colonel was to make a speech. Clarke was the biggest man in the country—stood six feet in his boots; Joe was broad-shouldered, strong as a giant. The strife grew hot and heavy. Not a man, woman, or child but took sides, and worked for one or the other party.

"Come on, you fellows, standing there gaping. If you'd each one take hold and kill your two dozen of a morning, there'd be a few hundred less to eat roasting-ears in July."

"Better hitch up! Better hitch up! Confound their pictures! For every one we kill six will come to the funeral." And Uncle Dan walked off to the barn, with a sorrowful face, seeing nothing but destruction to the crops and destitution to the country for a year to come.

There never was such a year for squirrels. They came from the West and seemed to be traveling East. You could stand on the shore of the Muskingum and count them by thousands, swimming over the rippling waters, their little heads bobbing up and down above the waves and their gray tails streaming out behind; for if by any chance the tail gets wet the squirrel goes under. He cannot swim with his feathery steering-oar wet.

As soon as they had crossed the Muskingum they seemed content, and spread themselves about among the clearings, hid in the brush-heaps, dodged in and out of old corn-shocks, and chattered and played to their hearts' content. No wonder the farmers stood aghast. Apples, nuts, corn, berries, every eatable thing must disappear before this army of depredators.

Lilliput and his little folk were nothing to them. A squirrel in a cage, or turned into a park, is a very pretty thing; but when they chatter at you from the gate-post, wink at you from the chimney-top, smile you from the rose-bush at the kitchen-window, hop in at the cellar-door, take your corn-pone from the dresser, creep into your bed and squirm under your sheets at night, you begin to feel, as did Uncle Dan, "Confound their pictures!"

The boys did not hitch up that morning. Joe had let off in the sport, and before long every fellow was at it, knocking about him right and left and slaying the foe at every turn. So exciting was the fun that they did not stop until the black cherry was robbed of its leaping guests, and many a young limb strewed the ground, while a hundred and more of the merry, chattering creatures were piled up as trophies of the morning.

Wearied out with their exercise, more exciting than base-ball or cricket, they at last called a halt. Joe swung his broad-brimmed straw hat as a flag of truce and called in dogs and boys. Then down they threw themselves under the cherry tree, to listen to Joe, who, flat on his back, made them a speech.

"Tell you what it is, fellows, there's no use in hitching up and plowing all these hot days for a week to plant corn for these four-footed creatures to dig out faster than we can put it in. I've been counting; and there's two hundred boys and men all told about here that can shoot, and wallop, and knock down, and strike off, and choke. And, if every one will go at it, and kill as many as we have this morning every day for a week, they'll do a sight more good than by plowing and planting. Let's get rid of the squirrels first, and do the planting afterward."

"Let's have a squirrel hunt," said Ned.

"Hurrah! that's the thing," shouted Peter.

"Choose up sides," chimed in Dan.

"Who'll be captain?"

"Clarke."

"Joe."

"Ned Stiver."

"Dick Williams."

"Hold on there, fellows," said Joe; "a thing that's to be done must be well done. Ned, you take a bee-line down into the clover, and bring up Firefly; ride down to the Corners, and tell the boys to meet at the schoolhouse to-night as soon as they've swallowed their suppers."

"Pete, you take Judy, and don't let the grass grow under her feet; notify the boys up the creek."

"Sam, your legs are as good as two colts any day; you let the Griffiths and Sampsons and Whites over the hill into the plot. Tell everybody to tell everybody else that there's to be the biggest squirrel hunt in the clearings that ever was got up since Noah took the brush-tailed rascals into the ark."

"Here, you young ones, Ben and Bob, get the spade and bury these critters in a

the leader of the Ohio company, rode his great white horse. He had a huge military hat, shaped like a half moon, with silver tassels hanging down before and behind, and a scarlet plume a foot and three inches high, tipped with white, standing grandly up in the middle. That was a little more splendid.

But this was about as much as the people could stand; and if there had been a newspaper—which there wasn't—as Mrs. Middleton said, "It would 'ave all bin writ, I bet ye. My Clarke beat, six whole scalps, if they did say that Jim Stokes cheated. I don't believe it! No, I don't! So there!"

Oh, such a day! Not a squirrel was left for miles around; and at nightfall, when they gathered in, it took as long to count the spoils and foot up the amounts as to tell the votes on election day. Their victims numbered thousands. All hands joined, gathered an immense brush-heap together, set it on fire, and made a funeral-pile of them; and the light of the sacrifice for their harvest illuminated all the neighboring hills.

Clarke won the day as to numbers by three or four scalps; but Joe bore off the palm for his good grace and gentlemanly bearing, never allowing a word of dispute. The old folks declared the grog was first-rate and plenty of it. And when Father Pigsley struck up "Speed the Plough," on a three-stringed fiddle, they couldn't sit still any longer, and merry as boys they led out their wives and danced down the outside and up the middle, and crossed over and back, and balanced to partner, as if they were not over fifteen.

Those who would not dance played "whirl the platter" and "button," paid pawns, kissed the girls, and measured love-ribbon six yards in a piece.

You don't know, Dick, what love-ribbon is? You had better ask your Uncle Phil, and see if he can't remember something about it.

Aunt Jemima used to say that it was on that very day she stuck the live-forever stems inside the well-curb, and named the taller one Clarke and the other Melinda Jane; and when she told him about it, he blushed red as her double hollyhock and said, "That was all nonsense." But when the two plants began to twine together, she showed him how it was, and he took right to Melinda Jane, and they "kept company" the next Sunday night, and before the year was out they were married. "She'd tried live-forever many a time, and it never failed."

Folks said, too, that Joe fell in love with Emily at that squirrel hunt; she looked so smart in her blue and white muslin, and laughed so merrily and bounded so high when she "balanced her partners." The supper was grand. Mrs. Middleton set her mother's salt-dish right in the middle of the table "for good luck." "It was worth more than gold," she said; "for her mother had used it all through garrison times, and raised it herself on her own vines. She didn't care what folks said about her "*gourd bound with blue calikor*." She liked old things and old ways better than new, any day.

"And Grandsir made them wooden plates himself; and if she'd scoured them once with her own hands, she'd done it a thousand times." And they were white as snow, too.

Ten o'clock was late bed-time in those days; and Father Pigsley played his best on "Old Hundred," and Parson Plumber lifted up his hands in earnest supplication that "He who vouchsafed to them under the promise of the bended bow that seedtime and harvest should come to them forever would bless their efforts to remove the besetting enemy that threatened their crops; and the glory should not be given to the hunter and to him that set the snare, but unto Him who numbered the hairs of their heads, and who had held them in the hollow of his hand during the many years of their trials in the wilderness."

And, when he had made an ending, those who lived only four or five miles distant paired off and started out—the man with his gun on his right shoulder, wife or sweetheart on the left arm—to walk home. Those who had further to go brought their horses to the sycamore stump before the door, and took the girls on behind and cantered away.

"Well, Joe," said Uncle Dan, as they prepared for bed, "they have killed a master sight of the pesky critters. Confound their pictures! I don't believe there's one left in ten miles around." And it seemed as if Uncle Dan was right. The immigration of squirrels ceased from that time—those on the other side being content to stay where they were, while those that had gone beyond did not come back.

The corn was all planted by the first of May. The crops proved splendid; and, when the harvesting days came, and the husking-bees, many were the stories told of the grand squirrel hunt of fifty years ago.

Sunday Schools.

Rev. John McCullagh, of Henderson, Ky., lately attended a Sunday school pic-nic not a thousand miles from his present residence. He addressed the large crowd from the steps of the church. Not 40 yards away stands an old log school-house. Some 30 years ago, he organized in that school-house his second Sunday school in that state. On reaching it, he found it occupied by a flock of sheep and lambs. With the assistance of a few friends, they expelled the occupants, covered the floor with straw, and propped up the broken benches. Soon the volunteer missionary was preaching from the Great Shepherd's command, "Feed my lambs." After the preaching service, the Sunday school was organized with 25 scholars. Not content with one session, they met again in the afternoon. Meanwhile the sheep, worried by dogs, made a dash for their old shelter, jumping on and over big folks and little folks, and rushed out at the back door. One of General Jackson's soldiers, who was present, exclaimed: "Well, I declare, them sheep made that raid on us at the double quick. The British red coats at New Orleans didn't begin to run as fast." Of the large audience at the pic-nic, only one was present at the organization of the school, 30 years ago. Many of them are sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. Little Willie, the only one of the survivors present, is now the superintendent of the large Sunday school, an elder in the church, a rich man, and a noble giver. They call the old log school-house "McCullag's monument." That little school was the mother of the adjacent church. Not least among its good offices was the training of little Willie, now among the most useful men in Kentucky.

....We notice with unalloyed pleasure the increasing attention given to Chinese Sunday schools on the Pacific coast. This movement is full of promise for the good of this docile, tractable race. But we confess to a little disappointment and sorrow at the statement of a writer in the *Pacific* that the "*aim* of the Chinese Sunday school" in Dr. Scudder's church "is to teach the Chinese the English language. Arithmetic, geography, spelling, etc., are also taught. If this is a correct statement, we beg the brethren of Dr. Scudder's Chinese school to think better of it. The English language will, of course, be necessarily taught; but let the *great aim* be to teach these benighted ones the story of the Cross. Mere secular education has no place in the brief weekly service of the Sunday school. Let it be a Bible school and a religious service always and everywhere.

....The Dane-street Sunday school, Beverly, Mass., celebrated its semi-centennial Sept. 19th. Rev O. T. Lamphear preached a memorial discourse. The whole day was given up for the anniversary exercises. The music in the morning was furnished by an old folks choir. Some of the hymns and tunes of 50 years ago were rendered with great excellence by these singers of the olden time, some of whom were 70 years of age. The children sang in the afternoon, furnishing a most delightful contrast. A reunion followed on Monday evening, with addresses by J. R. Lovett and Rev. Wm. F. Ober, past members of the school, and an original poem on "The Old Hymns," by Lucy Larcom. The first Sunday school in the State of Massachusetts was organized in Beverly.

....A teachers' meeting should not be a debating society; *not* mere business; *not* formal exchange of politeness; *not* stiffly asking questions to people too stiff to answer them; *not* gossiping tattle. A pleasant conversational study (not a sermon or harangue) on next Sunday's lesson. A kind, faithful leader—pastor, superintendent, or anybody who has the right sort of grace and brains. Almost every teacher can be brought out to say something useful to all. Show them how to study and how to *enjoy study*. Have plenty of maps and charts, and a question box. Let anybody ask questions that wants to. Have a good song and a few earnest prayers. So says Rev. Alfred Taylor.

....Thirteen Sunday schools are in operation in Houston, Texas, with an immediate prospect of more. Texas is greatly in need of Sunday schools. Col. Morgan L. Smith, who has lived in the state 31 years, and traveled extensively, says that more than one-half of the 150 counties in that immense state (5 times as large as New York) have not one school to an entire county. Many others have only a very few, at county towns and central points.

....The *Advance* says that a Sunday school was lately started in a neglected part of Schuyler County, Illinois, known as "Gin Ridge." Fifty of the inhabitants have been converted. All the liquor-dealers but one gave up the business of their own accord; and he succumbed when his old customers waited on him in a body. The place has acquired the new soubriquet, of "Mount Zion."

....The Missouri State Sunday School Convention holds its fourth annual meeting at Kansas City, commencing Oct. 19th, to continue three days. An era of good feeling and hearty co-operation has already been inaugurated among the Sunday school workers of the state, and we look for great good to result from this meeting.

....The Fond du Lac, Wis., people have arranged for a Sunday school institute of rare educational character. Pittsburgh, the new state secretary, and Rev. E. W. Rice, of the Am. S. S. Union, are the conductors. It is announced for October 26th and 27th.

....The South Brooklyn Sunday school teachers (Gowanus Division) have formed an association of their own, distinct from the Brooklyn Union. The second meeting will be held Tuesday evening, October 12th, in the Greenwood Baptist church.

....Boys are to a great extent denied admission to German Sunday schools, on account of the difficulty of obtaining male teachers. In Frenngnach there are 120 girls and 12 lady teachers. Boys are not admitted.

....The Sunday school of Brookfield, Mass., lately celebrated its 50th anniversary. Only 10 of the original members of the school were present.

Publisher's Department.

The Secret of Beauty lies in the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm for the Complexion.

Roughness, Redness, Blotches, Sunburn, Freckles, and Tan disappear where it is applied, and a beautiful Complexion of pure, satin-like texture is obtained. The plainest features are made to glow with Healthful Bloom and Youthful Beauty.

Remember, Hagan's Manolia Balm is the thing that produces these effects, and any Lady can secure it for 75 cents at any of our stores.

Use only Lyon's Kathairon for the Hair.

The American Institute Fair, in New York, is admitted to be the most successful ever held. It owes its success to the attendance of the ladies, who by far form the greatest proportion of the visitors.

In a corner of the sewing-machine room is the Weed Sewing Machine, around which gather scores of ladies, interested in watching the beautiful, simple motion of the machine, and observing how easily and rapidly the work is performed. As they remember all the differing machines on trial, they think afterward of the Weed with special pleasure, and call it their "*Family Favorite*." Their opinion is confirmed by thousands throughout the country who have used the Weed Machines for years, and have always been fully satisfied that for durability, perfection of movement, and ease they are unexcelled.

A Real Hair Restorer and Dressing combined in one bottle.—New Style.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer, of uniform excellence, never failing to restore Gray Hair to its natural life, color, and beauty. It gives perfect satisfaction as a Hair Dressing as well as Restorer.

Mrs. S. A. Allen's Zylobalsamum, a clear, transparent preparation for the Hair, without sediment. Ladies and children whose Hair requires no Restorer find this far superior to pomades. Sold by all Druggists.

Facts for the Ladies.—I can inform any one interested of *hundreds* of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear that to-day *are in better condition than one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any other. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

George L. Clark.

Lyndenville, N. Y.

Chapped hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by druggists generally.

Grafton Mineral Paint.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Bidwell & Co., in another column, manufacturers of the celebrated Grafton Mineral Paint. The article in question is no humbug; but one of the best and cheapest of the kind in market. Any farmer's boy can use it; and now is the time to paint your fences, roofs, barns, and other outbuildings. The color of this paint is a beautiful light brown, specially adapted to the purposes named.

A Favorable Notoriety.—The good reputation and extended use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases has caused the Troches to be extensively imitated. Obtain only the *genuine* "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not be influenced by those who make more profit by selling worthless imitations.

"Crampton Brothers" Imperial Laundry Soap contains a large percentage of *Vegetable Oil*, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson street. Office 84 Front street, New York.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for The Independent, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 43 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain, etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

Gold ranged at 129@132.

Butter.—Receipts for the week were 7,513 packages. There are 80 odd car-loads behind the break on the Erie, and with this shut-off the Northern Butter has the advantage and sells quick on arrival at 43@45 cts. for Fine Fall, 40@43 cts. for entire good dairies, and 38@40 cts. for miscellaneous lots of summer make. There was a more active Fall trade and better feeling than last week. We quote:

Fine Fall State Butter	43 @45
Delaware, Chenango, etc., dairies	40 @43
Lewis, Jeff., Oneida, etc., dairies	40 @43
Welsh, in lots, per ice Car	38 @40
Western, August Crop and Old Stock	30 @35
Western, fall make	29 @31

Cheese.—Receipts for the week were 24,872 boxes. The Cable quoted 65s. 6d. yesterday, and exporters took fine Cheese at 17 cents. To-day they cabled 65s.; and, gold being a trifle off, there was not as much doing, but the market is very firm. Some sales in the interior at 16¾, and 17 cts. current here for fine Cheese. We quote:

Prime New Factories, Firsts	16 @17
Factories, Seconds	16 @16½
Private Dairies, Firsts	16 @16½
do. do. Ordinary	15 @16½
Skimmed Cheese	8 @10½

Broom Corn.—Very prime parcels, fine green color, may bring 16@18 cts.; but inferior, coarse parcels of Red Tips cannot be placed at over 12½@13 cts. We quote:

Green, prime, per lb	15 @18
Red, common, "	12½@13

Eggs.—There is no change since our last. Receipts are not large, but fully ample for all wants. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Penn., per doz	30@31
Western, per express, "	29@30
do. " freight, "	29@30

Egg Oats, per bushel

Poultry.—During the fore part of the week there was a scarcity of all kinds, owing to the delays on the state railroads, and prices ruled higher. At the close there is a large supply, and prices are about the same as last week. The weather is too mild to ship Dressed Poultry. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	20	@ 23
Fowls	16	@ 18
Ducks, per pair	75	@1 00
Geese, "	1 75	@2 50
Chickens, per lb	16	@ 18

Game.—There were several arrivals of Venison which sold quick at 20@22 cts. The balance of the list is in good demand at quotations. We quote:

Grouse, per pair	$1 00	@1 12
Partridges, "	1 25	@1 37
Rabbits, "	89	@1 00
Pigeons, flight, per doz	1 25	@1 37
do. stall-fed, per doz	1 75	@2 25
Venison, Saddles	18	@ 22

Beans.—There is but few of the new crop arriving, and prices are firmer. In Old Beans there is but little doing on account of the light stock. We quote:

Marrowes, per bush. 62 lbs	$2 90 @3 00
Mediums, " "	2 40 @2 50
Pea, " "	2 40 @2 50
Kidneys, " "	2 25 @2 50
White Beans, " "	1 75 @2 00

Beeswax.—There is more inquiry for export, and prices are higher, say 41@43 cts. for Western and Southern.

Tallow.—Receipts have been larger and prices easier. We quote 11@11⅛ cts.

Seeds.—Clover is nominal. Timothy is in light demand, and prices have favored the buyer. We quote:

Clover, per lb	12 @ 13
Timothy, per bushel	3 45 @ 3 50
Flax Seed, per bushel	@3 45 @ 3 50

Dried Fruits.—The supply of Apples is large and the demand light. Peaches are in good demand and firm. Cherries are scarce and wanted. Blackberries are in large stock, dull, and lower. We quote:

Apples, State	None.
do. Ohio	None.
do. Southern, new	2½@3
Dried Peaches, 1868, peeled	6 @7
do. do. unpeeled, halves	3 @4½
do. do. quarters	2 @2½
Blackberries, new lb	12 @14
Cherries, pitted, per lb	27 @28

Ashes.—Pots, $7 37. Pearls, $9 00@9 25.

Green Fruits.—Apples are selling better. Pears are plentier. Cranberries are in good demand. We quote:

Apples, Fall Pippins, per bbl	$3 00@$3 50
Golden Sweet, "	2 00@ 2 50
Mixed Lots, "	2 50@ 3 00
Crabs, "	2 00@ 2 50
Pears, Hartletts, "	14 00@20 00
Cooking, "	3 00@14 00
Cranberries, "	9 00@11 00

Buckwheat sells quick at $1 per cwt.

DAVID W. LEWIS & Co., NEW YORK,

give particular attention to the sale of the product of the Dairy on Commission, and will make prompt returns. Refer to our regular patrons in Lewis, Oneida, and other Counties throughout the State. Marking-plates sent when desired

USE HALLS VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all Druggists.

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receive their Teas by the Cargo from the fleet Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

Club Orders Promptly Supplied.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black).—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., best $1 ₱ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black).—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., best $1 ₱ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black).—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₱ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green).—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green).—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN.—50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₱ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green).—best $1 ₱ lb.

Coffees Roasted & Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE.—20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee can economize in this article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground).—25c., 30c., best 35c. per lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 35c. per lb.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box No. 5643 New York City.

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Anth. 92,000 lb	8 00 a 9 00	of cost	
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St. Domo	a—	Madras, good	1 10 a 1 40
COFFEE—Duty: 5c. ₱ lb.		Manilla, good	77½a 1 10
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Laguayra	16¾a— 17¾	IRON—Duty: Bars, $37; R.	
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Bar, 2½c. and Sheathing		lb.; Pig, $2 ₱ ton;	
3c. ₱ lb	25 a— 32½	Sheet, 3c. per lb	
American Ingot	—22 a— 23½	Pig, English	a—
Sanford's new		Scotch, No. 1	38 00 a 42 00
ingots, ₱ lb	—22 a—	Pig, American	40 00 a 41 00
Sheathing, old	—20 a—21	Bar, Enga'nd	70 00 a 80 00
Sheathing, yellow	a—	Bar, English	80 00 a 90 00
Pig, Chile	a—	Bar, Eng. c. m	97 50 a 90 00
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DRUGS AND DYES—		₱ lb	—11 a—12
Alcohol	2 40 a—	Sheet, Single	a—
FURS AND SKINS—Furs		& C. Common	8¼a— 7
dressed or undressed, on		LEAD—Duty: Pig, $4 ₱	
Skins, 10 ₱ cent ad val.		ton; Bar, Pipe and Sheet,	
Beaver, ₱ pce—		2c. ₱ lb.	
North ₱ lb	1 50 a 5 00	Bar, Com'n	3 00 a 4 00
" Southern	1 00 a 2 00	Bar, Eng. c. m	97 50 a 90 00
Otter	1 25 a 4 50	Sheet, Russia	a—
Otter No. 2	500 a 9 00	₱ lb	—11 a—12
Otter No. 1	10 00 a 20 00	Sheet, Single	a—
Western	400 a 8 00	& C. Common	8¼a— 7
Red Fox North	1 50 a 2 00	LEAD—Duty: Pig, $4 ₱	
Red Fox West	1 00 a 1 50	ton; Bar, Pipe and Sheet,	
Mink North'n	5 00 a 8 00	2c. ₱ lb.	
Mink West'n	3 00 a 5 00	Bar, Com'n

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, October 14, 1869.

LIVE DOUBT.

We intend in this article to say something respecting the very delicate subject of skepticism—skepticism contemporaneous and domestic, skepticism homeborn and homebred skepticism, neither in Paris nor Oxford nor Berlin nor Bombay but in America.

We are anxious that our readers should recognize the fact that there is actually among us such a thing as skepticism. It bears various names and nicknames—unbelief, disbelief, heresy, spiritualism, infidelity, materialism, atheism. Here, in the midst of our homes and our temples, known to us personally, are certain men and women who doubt, some dishonestly, perhaps, and superficially and flippantly, and yet others who doubt with pain and with perfect sincerity, those central themes of religion which for ourselves are the glory and consolation of existence. Now, it seems to us that, if anything in American life deserves the most watchful, the wisest, the tenderest attention of the churches, it is precisely this phase of our life.

Yet we fear that there are few Christian people who sufficiently appreciate either the number or the spirit or the claims of this class of our neighbors and fellow-citizens. The churches are quite well informed concerning the Caffirs and the Bushmen of Southern Africa, concerning the stupid fetisches and the horrible inhumanities of the Cannibal Islands, concerning Chinese bonzes and Hindoo pagodas; we all know of the corruption of the Marconites and the vices of the Moslems; we are all convinced that the Pope is a great despot and his priests little ones, and we pity the victims of both; and even with reference to many forms of physical and moral want at home the churches take the utmost pains to inform themselves. Cohorts of devoted men and women go forth every day into the lanes and caverns of our cities, to unearth and to bring to light those on whom the beneficence of Christian people may wreak itself. But amid all these wakeful efforts of philanthropy, education, and practical reform—when to the profligate forgiveness is offered, and to the impoverished pity and help—where is the one solitary symptom that the Orthodox churches appreciate the presence and the special needs of those who stand aloof from us because they still lack an assurance of those truths which seem to us so clear?

Are not these mildewed men and women worth our regard? Are they not our own kindred and brethren, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh? Is it right that we should forget their existence or scorn their difficulties?

It is true, perhaps, that now and then a passing allusion, usually with a reproachful sting in it, is made to them. We do occasionally and dimly hear something about this erratic and very frightful sort of folk. Were it not so sad, however, it would be positively ludicrous to observe the extent of this unconsciousness in the churches as to the number and the real spirit of people whose intellectual consent is not given to our creed.

In one of Charles Reade's earlier novels there is an exquisite scion of nobility, one Lord Ipsden, who once heard his physician say that there were actually such creatures in the world as "the lower classes"; and when the doctor had gone, his lordship, in great amazement, said to his valet:

"I say, Saunders, do you know what Dr. Abberford means by the lower classes?"

"Yes, my lord, perfectly."

"Well, Saunders, are there any about here?"

"Yes, my lord; I am sorry to say they are, indeed, everywhere."

"Indeed! Well, Saunders, just step out and get me some."

Good friends, if next Sunday, midway in the morning service, the minister were to drop his pulpit tones and to announce in the plain, natural manner of the street that there are all about us men and women who are civilized, who talk English, who wear cucumber hats and chignons, but who do not accept Christianity, there would be a great many Lord Ipsdens starting up in their pews and exclaiming: "Saunders, just step out and get me some."

But it would not be necessary to *step out* in order to find them!

This, then, in brief, is the fact: there is such a thing as *Live Doubt*. Nay, the age is full of it!

And what are we going to do about it? At present we have just this to say. For flippant and disingenuous doubters; for malignant and angry doubters, who doubt the truth because they hate it; for libidinous and sensual doubters, who denounce Christianity because it denounces them; and for silly, simpering, conceited, shallow-pated doubters, who doubt because they think it sounds smart and big to blurt out their second-hand objections to truths which Pascal and Milton and Newton thought worthy of acceptance—for such doubters we recommend this treatment: *pity and silence.*

But not so with serious, sincere, honest doubt. This deserves something more than pity and silence. *Honest* doubt, like all honest things, is honorable; and honest *doubt*, like all inevitable human difficulties, deserves our kindest help.

There is one point of view from which we may discern a large and benignant truth in Bailey's couplet:

"Who never doubted never half believed:
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow."

And to this statement the Orthodox churches must come. The Christian doctrine of charity makes no exception of the doubter. If to doubt be a crime, anathemas are not the medicine for it; if to doubt be not a crime, but an infirmity, anathemas are themselves criminal. In a word, we must learn that doubt is not to be taken out of a person by the Cæsarean operation. We must cease to deal with doubt by scolding it, reproaching it, calling it bad names, and dooming it to a hot future. The day of persecution has gone by—whether of persecution by burning fire, or of persecution by burning denunciation. If orthodoxy would save sinners—nay, more, if orthodoxy would save itself—it must come back to the forgotten spirit of the Master, who, when a dishonest doubter approached him in the person of a Pharisee, turned away utterly without a word; but when an honest doubter drew near in the person of poor doubting Thomas, then our Saviour, with infinite tenderness, said to him: "Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hand; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." And Thomas, convinced by the evidence, and broken down by the love, saluted him with the adoring salutation, "My Lord and my God."

THE MYSTERY CONCERNING BROWN UNIVERSITY.

It is too much to say that a cloud is hanging over Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island; but not too much to say that this venerable institution is now standing in no enviable position before the public. We do not join in the accusation which has been made against the University's financial management; but we sincerely trust that a satisfactory report concerning it will be promptly made public.

In the United States Senate, April 8, 1869, Senator Sprague of Rhode Island (who, having once given twenty thousand dollars to the institution, had a peculiar interest in its financial prosperity) stated that an immense tract of Western land, belonging to the University, had been sold for one-twentieth of its value, leaving the institution to lose nineteen-twentieths of its patrimony. His exact words were these:

"The Western lands . . . given to the university . . . worth more than a million dollars, if the senator from Kansas (Mr. Pomeroy) be a good witness, were sold for $50,000, and bought by an agent of the college, who aided in procuring funds for the college, and who is the 'right bower' of the great power I have described."

The "great power" to which the senator alluded was the time-honored and opulent firm of Brown & Ives.

In a subsequent speech, Senator Sprague charged substantially that the agent referred to was only a nominal purchaser, the parties really in interest being this same firm. The burden of his remarks was, that the influence of these gentlemen in the corporation of Brown University occasioned the sale of this property at the low rate obtained, in order that they might derive the profit which was sure to result therefrom, at the same time keeping themselves out of sight as the purchasers. Gov. Sprague was incensed at the disposition of such valuable property for the trifling sum of $50,000.

During his gubernatorial term, the application was made for the transfer of the scrip for 120,000 acres given to the State of Rhode Island, for the establishment of an agricultural college, to Brown University; and to his personal influence and energy, chiefly, was the success of the application due. And when it was understood that 40,000 acres had been located under the supervision of President Sears and Rev. Horace T. Love, then acting as agent of the University, Gov. Sprague, in conjunction with his colleague in the Senate, was unwearied in his efforts so to determine the line of the Pacific Road that it should pass in the vicinity of those lands. When he had succeeded, he congratulated the University on their increased value, not suspecting that the advantage for which he had so unselfishly labored would be reaped entirely by private parties.

Few believe that Brown & Ives, or either of them, had any interest, direct or indirect, in urging the sale of these lands; and fewer still that they will ever receive pecuniary profit from their rise in value.

Gov. Sprague has unquestionably been misled in this matter; and yet his error may be somewhat palliated by the circumstances in which it was made.

From the many conflicting statements respecting this transaction it is difficult to get the truth; but the following is believed to be correct.

At the time it was proposed to Brown University to take the scrip from the state, for the purpose of establishing an agricultural college, Brown & Ives opposed it, alleging that the University would not be benefited by the introduction of new courses of study and instruction necessary to an agricultural college, and that the care and disposition of these lands would impair the usefulness of the officers of the University by diverting their attention to objects foreign to the original purposes of the institution. But their views did not prevail, and the scrip was received and became the property of the college; and a part of the lands was located under the direction of President Sears and Mr. Love, who went to Kansas for that purpose. Before the transfer of the scrip, the corporation of Brown University entered into certain stipulations with the state, which were to be an agreement, and one of these stipulations reads as follows:

"To locate without unnecessary delay and at their best discretion the said scrip upon some of the public lands of the United States, properly open to be located upon, and from time to time to sell and dispose of the lands so to be located upon, so that the largest price can be obtained for the same."

About $4,000 had been expended, and many fruitless efforts were made to dispose of this scrip; but there were no purchasers, and no benefactor of the college came forward, as in the case of Cornell University, to take the risk for the future advantage of the college. After many failures to find a purchaser, the corporation offered this scrip to Mr. Love, who was not at the time of the offer in any way connected with the college. With reluctance, Mr. Love agreed to purchase it for $50,000, giving his notes, payable without interest in four years, with security which he obtained from friends. It is just to Brown & Ives and to Mr. Love to say that the relations between them would not warrant the charge of Senator Sprague, that the latter was the "right bower" of the former; and Mr. Love, after the accusation had been made that he was but a nominal purchaser, promptly published a card denying that Brown & Ives had anything whatever to do with the purchase.

As Senator Sprague has never retracted his charges, it became necessary for the corporation of Brown University to take some notice of them—all the more as their author was himself a member of the board of corporators. At the annual meeting in September last, a committee of investigation was appointed with instructions to examine the matter and to report the facts. This committee has held one session. Senator Sprague was not present, not having received a notice sent to his office, during his absence from the city.

Nothing, therefore, has as yet transpired, and the public must wait for further developments before its decision upon the merits of the case can be intelligently rendered.

While it is not believed that the honorable name of Brown & Ives, who desire the fullest investigation of the charges of Gov. Sprague, will suffer in consequence of this sale, it is feared by many of the friends of the University that the members of the corporation will not escape animadversion for mismanagement and lack of prudence in sacrificing by this transaction over $900,000, which might have been saved to the treasury; and while some will regret the censure of individuals for their participation in this sacrifice, if censure be found justly due them, a greater number fear that this loss may reflect upon the University, hinder its progress, lessening its resources, and weakening confidence in its management. Anything that will tend to affect injuriously the reputation of this ancient seat of learning will be regretted not only by every alumnus, but by every friend of learning in our land.

THE FUGITIVE'S STORY.

Mr. John Rogers, the well-known artist whose statuettes are now familiar ornaments in thousands of American homes, has just completed (and will immediately publish) a new group, entitled "The Fugitive's Story." This represents a young negress, with a babe in her arms and a bundle of clothes at her feet, telling her story to three distinguished listeners—William Lloyd Garrison, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Henry Ward Beecher.

The spectator sees at a glance that the artist's idea is to illustrate the long appeal of the slave to the conscience of the nation—an appeal which at last was heard and answered, if not by the people, then by the Lord: "And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily." This interesting work, coming from the hand of its freedom-loving artist at the present time, is a fit celebration of the victory of the anti-slavery movement. We recall the period when Mr. Rogers came to this city an obscure stranger, bringing with him a little group (since made famous), called "The Slave Auction," which no shop-window on Broadway then had the courage to exhibit to public view. How the times have changed! Slave auctions have been abolished, and Mr. Rogers's petite monuments to liberty find a place among the attractions of every art gallery in the land. We congratulate the true and brave man who ten years ago, when it cost something to be an abolitionist, nobly consecrated his genius to the service of an oppressed race, and who has since risen to fame as they to freedom.

The present work is in many respects the most masterly of his miniatures; it certainly appears to have been the most carefully elaborated. He has toiled over the portraits with no common patience. The likenesses are very striking. The only criticism is not as to their general faithfulness, but simply as to their particular expression. The least satisfactory is Mr. Beecher's; and yet it looks wonderfully like that amiable man when his face is swollen with royal anger, and his brow takes a scowl of indignant rebuke. Mr. Garrison sits at his desk, and looks up into the fugitive's calm face with an answering calmness, but also with that evident earnestness of moral conviction which is so characteristic of the "Old Pioneer." Mr. Whittier (or, let us drop the Mr., out of respect to his Quaker plainness) has a scroll in his hand, as if he meant to write on it one of those lyrics of liberty which have given him a unique and undisputed place among the poets of the age.

We happened to be present when this group was shown to Sojourner Truth. The old woman—who had been forty years a slave—burst into tears. "I remember," said she, "the day when I was just such a mother, with just such a child, and with just such a bundle—a fugitive slave, carrying in my arms my little daughter, then only a year old, and all my worldly goods tied in a pocket handkerchief." Mr. Rogers's new work will make an appeal not only to those who, like Sojourner Truth, have suffered slavery and its horrors; but to those who, though never themselves enslaved, obeyed the command to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

HARVARD ON THE BACK TRACK.

Were we too prompt in congratulating the friends of good learning on the step at last taken by Harvard University? In announcing two full courses of post-graduate lectures on literature and philosophy, open to both sexes, *with examinations for honors*, Harvard took position at the head of all American colleges. But we observe with dismay, in the revised announcement, that every allusion to examinations is left out. It is a fatal alteration. It is to omit the key-stone of the arch.

There is nothing more popular in average American communities than a course of lectures. Lectures may be made as amusing as the Ethiopian minstrels, and about as useful. But the most instructive course of lectures, if heard without reference to future examinations, will afford scarcely more solid benefit than the poorest. The experience of our lyceums and colleges has amply proved this. The stream of knowledge will doubtless enrich the whole intervale where it overflows, provided there be a dam to keep it in. Examinations are the dam.

And these examinations should be for honors. Young men and women who give the time and money to a year's training in philosophy or literature have a right to honors. It would be absurd for a university to give honors to those who study law or medicine simply as a "bread-study," that they may get their living by it afterward, and refuse such honors to those who in a purely academical spirit turn away from the making of money that they may acquire knowledge instead. Therefore, we consider the essential point of the whole enterprise for Harvard (and therefore for all American colleges) to lie in the principle of examinations for honors.

It appears, however, that the temporary withdrawal of this principle is due to a conflict of jurisdiction between corporation, overseers, and faculty. Into that triangular duel let us not here enter. Harvard College, like most American colleges, is understood to be immediately governed by a body of men who are scholars, but not business men; and more remotely controlled by a body of respectable business men, who do not pretend to be scholars. Between these two are the overseers, in whom there is supposed to be a possibility that both brains and pockets may be represented; and it is unfortunately in this board that the obstacle is now found. We trust that this excellent body will not permit an important public enterprise to be strangled merely because its importance was first discerned by the wrong board. Even the faculty of Harvard have not usually been accused of culpable radicalism; and, if they are now in advance of the corporation, it is better to bring the army into line by hurrying up the stragglers than by halting the main body.

But it cannot be concealed that there is a suspicion afloat that this technicality is only a cover for the real matter at issue. The matter of honors, it is said, has always been left with the faculty; and wherefore this special caution now? Can it be that the recognition of women as subjects of such honors is the source of trouble? This bulky triennial catalogue, with its twenty thousand names in Latin, masculine names every one—is there a natural shrinking from the introduction on those pages of the names of feminine baccalaureates? We trust not. They cannot possibly look more uncouth than a good many of the Latinized apellatives which are already within the covers.

It is a fatal mistake for a great institution to take, even in appearance, a step backward. The American people care nothing for these little squabbles between professors and corporators. But it is important for the whole nation that its oldest university, having once taken an advanced position, should stand its ground. Many people respect conservatism. Nobody respects vacillation. To abandon this great scheme of post-graduate studies, after once announcing it, is more than a loss of opportunity. It is a loss of self-respect. The whole scheme turns on the system of examinations for honors. Take that away, and the merit of the plan vanishes. Harvard University ceases to be the compeer of the London University, and becomes merely the rival of the Lowell Institute and Mr. Redpath's Lecture Bureau.

DEATH OF FRANKLIN PIERCE.

On Monday last the nation went into official mourning on the occasion of the burial of Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth president of the United States. Wherever there was a custom-house or a post-office the national flag was hung half-mast high, and wherever there was a military or naval station minute guns were fired in honor of his memory. The public offices in Washington were draped in black, and all business in the national offices was suspended. The same observances would be shown if Millard Fillmore or Andrew Johnson had died; though they were not shown when John Tyler died, for then we were fighting the Southern rebels, of whom he was one, and no one felt disposed to manifest any official mark of respect for his memory. But there are few people who have carefully noted the course of events since Franklin Pierce was elected to the presidency who will not agree in the opinion that, if he had not been the chief-magistrate of the nation at the time he was, the rebellion would never have occurred. It is proper that the office should be duly honored by paying all due honors to the men who have been its occupants; and it would be a sorry sight indeed if party zeal should ever be permitted to interfere in the solemn observances which are properly paid to our eminent public servants when their death is announced.

Mr. Pierce died in Concord, N. H., on Friday morning, the 8th inst., in the 65th year of his age. He was born at Hillsboro, N. H., in Nov., 1804, and was elected to the presidency just as he had reached his 48th year, being the youngest of all our Presidents. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, Maine, and was a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Professor Stowe. He was admitted to the bar in his twenty-third year, and practiced law in his native town; but he was not eminently successful as a lawyer, though his upright character and strict partisan attachments gained him early political distinctions. In 1829 he was elected a member of the legislature of his native state, and served four years in that capacity, the last two as speaker of the house. In 1833 he was elected a representative to Congress, and in 1837 he was sent to the Senate of the United States; but he did not serve out his whole term, having resigned in 1842, and resumed the practice of his profession in Concord. He refused the office of Attorney-General when that distinguished position was tendered to him by President Polk. He had also declined a nomination to the governorship of his native state, while he was a member of the Senate. In 1847, when New Hampshire was called upon to furnish its quota of troops for the Mexican War, he promptly volunteered for the service, and after receiving a commission as colonel of the 9th regiment was raised to a brigadier-generalship. He went to Mexico, where he remained in active service until the close of the war. In 1850 he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire, and on its assembling he was elected president of the body. As he was not an orator, and had never distinguished himself in any manner in any of the prominent positions in which he had been placed, and had even shown a disinclination for public life by resigning his seat in the Senate, his continuance in office for the most important offices in the gift of his fellow-citizens can only be accounted for on the ground of his strict party fidelity and his extreme prudence. He never startled his friends by any flashes of brilliant eccentricity, nor excited their distrust by venturing to hold opinions of his own in opposition to those of his party leaders. He was a Democrat always, and the only definition of democracy that he ever acknowledged was an unwavering support of slavery. When he received the nomination for the presidency, he avowed that he knew no North, no South, no East, no West; and in this avowal he was wholly sincere, for he knew nothing politically but the Democratic party, and in his view that meant the party of slavery. Just before the presidential convention of June, 1851, assembled in Baltimore, a political adventurer in Virginia sent letters to all the possible candidates for the honor of a nomination, asking their opinions on the vital questions which then agitated the Democratic party. To these letters frank answers were returned by all to whom they were addressed except Franklin Pierce; who, it has been said, having received a friendly hint, declined to make a reply, and by his prudence gained the nomination, to the utter amazement of the country at large. The other aspirants for the nomination had unconsciously committed hari-kari by their replies to Captain Scott, who published their letters just in time to influence the convention. His usual good luck followed him; for, though General Scott, then in the full flush of his Mexican victories, was his opponent, General Pierce, his subordinate in the war, who had not distinguished himself at all, was elected to the presidency by an almost unanimous vote, all the states but four giving him their votes. He might have claimed the honor of being the elect of the people and have acted as their president. But he regarded himself as the chief of the Democratic party, and in all his appointments and all his influences he sought only to give strength, coherency, and power to the party of slavery. He formed his cabinet of the ablest men of his party, giving the department of State to William L. Marcy; of War to Jefferson Davis; the Treasury to Guthrie, of Kentucky; and the Attorney-Generalship to Caleb Cushing. He sent James Buchanan to St. James; Mason, of Virginia, to Paris; and Soulé, of Louisiana, to Madrid. He and his cabinet worked together in perfect accord. The master mind among them was Jefferson Davis, and no disruptions or changes took place during his whole four years. It was the only unbroken cabinet the country has known since the time of Monroe. President Pierce had not the understanding to comprehend the critical condition of the country; he could not perceive that he was nursing rebellion in the South, and encouraging the slaveholders, by unintentioned assurances, that they were irresistible in their combined strength, and that the North would neither desire nor dare to oppose them in their wild schemes. His sole aim was to conciliate the South by giving it all it asked for. This was his idea of a conservative statesmanship; and when he was succeeded in his office by Mr. Buchanan, that weak and bewildered functionary found himself entirely powerless to prevent, if he desired it, the consummation of the events which had been shaped for him by his predecessor.

There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Pierce was not an honest man, or that he was desirous of seeing a disruption of the Union. But his weaknesses were the cause of the rebellion; and his upright personal character, to which all who knew him bear willing testimony, proved disastrous to his country, inasmuch as it led to his appointment to the high trusts which he was altogether incompetent to administer.

Editorial Notes.

In many of our oldest colleges we have a singular relic still preserved of the monastic basis on which those English colleges were founded that have furnished the model of ours. The relic to which we allude is the law forbidding marriage to members of the undergraduate course. In the English universities this law is extended even to the fellows of the various colleges. Is there any thing more than monastic prescription for such a rule in the universities of America? Is the marriage of a college student necessarily a crime; or, to put the case in its worst form, is it necessarily a blunder? Will marriage render students less obedient to authority, and more addicted to evil company, late hours, and vicious habits? It is notable that the two largest universities of the West, those of Kentucky and of Michigan, have not trammeled themselves with this wretched heir-loom of the mediæval monks. Accordingly, we see it announced that in the former of these institutions there are now several married men pursuing their studies with tranquillity and success; and in the other the presence of a married student is not an uncommon event. A few years ago there were at Ann Arbor two students, bearing the relation toward each other of father and son, both pursuing their studies in the undergraduate classes. The class orator of the present year was a married man and a *pater familias*. His oration, which was one of the finest ever heard in his university, was listened to by his wife; and on his departure from the room he was seen carrying his little child in his arms. Such an incident would seem very ludicrous at Princeton, Yale, or Harvard; but is the fault in the incident, or is it in the absurd traditions retained at these old colleges? For our part, we see no sense whatever in this law against college men getting married. We hope to see our American universities filling up with older and more responsible men. And we see no objection whatever to a whole family—father, mother, sisters, brothers—"moving altogether, if it move at all," settling down in a university town, all entering college together, and all going on in company in the high and beautiful fellowship of culture. In the new age, in the redeemed civilization of the future, such things are sure to be. It is never too late to learn; and, if a man and a woman cannot go to college before they are married, let them go afterward. This would do away with the inanity and cheerlessness of many a life.

....We have had sorrowful occasion during the past two or three years to refer to the declining health of a young preacher of great talents and great devotedness—Rev. John Milton Holmes, of the Tabernacle Congregational church in Jersey City. Mr. Holmes came to this church in 1860, immediately after his graduation from Andover Seminary; and, besides his unusually brilliant college reputation, he brought with him to his arduous task of building up a struggling church a powerful and fascinating eloquence, thorough scholarship, extraordinary social attractions, and a complete consecration to his calling. Under his energetic care the church grew apace; but the pastor gradually broke down in the midst of his fruitful toils. His people loved him with an uncommon love; supplied his pulpit while he rested, in Saratoga, in Europe, in Minnesota; and when, last winter, he compelled them to accept his resignation, they settled upon him a life pension. From Jersey City he retired to Andover, hoping to find in its friendships, in its healthful air, and in its quiet life some alleviation of his disease, and, possibly, a recovery from it. It grieves us to learn, as we do by a private letter from one of his friends, that he has recently had another and a very severe hemorrhage, and that by many his life is despaired of. This will be sad news to many, many hearts that had fixed themselves with great hopes upon the future of John Milton Holmes; and there are eyes that will grow dim with tears as they read this paragraph. It is not often that a young man inspires so large a circle of acquaintances with such confidence in himself and in his destiny; and it is all the more startling when such a man falls untimely to the ground. Doubtless, many will sadden over the blight of this earthly success; but who can say that this earthly success has received or will receive any blight? Besides, in the still visions of the invalid's chamber there will be gracious requitals for the rending of worldly ambition; there will be the soothing ministry of spiritual and far-born views of the life hereafter, with a just abatement from the passion and the fever and the turmoil of the life here; while to the seeing faith of the sick man will be presented those links of connection between this sphere and the next which may show to him that no noble plans can be ever broken, no high ambition ever stained with the soilure of defeat. We shall all sorrow more than will our beloved J. M. H.

....All lovers of old English literature will be glad to hear of a movement which promises to result in invaluable assistance to the study of the father of English poetry. We refer to the establishment in London of the Chaucer Society. Though it is nearly five centuries since Chaucer flourished, and though he has preserved his popularity through all this time, there is as yet no edition of his works that is adequate to his merits, no text that will stand even a moment's critical examination. We neither know exactly what Chaucer's genuine works are, nor what are the genuine words of such works as are undoubtedly his, nor how the verses are to be read. The Chaucer Society was founded in 1868, primarily for the purpose of furnishing the materials necessary for the construction of a correct text. Its scheme, however, is liberal, and excludes nothing which will help a student to a thorough comprehension and enjoyment of the poet. The society has appointed as its honorary secretary for America Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard College, the editor of Little, Brown & Co.'s series of "British Poets," and the most accomplished English scholar in this country. This selection is, of course, a very fortunate one; and Professor Child has already issued an address to the directors of public libraries, as well as to literary students generally, inviting them to become members of the Chaucer Society, and to receive the important benefits which will flow from a worthy edition and illustration of the writings of

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

Any one desiring more particular information concerning the Chaucer Society can obtain it by applying to Professor Child for his circular. We will add that a subscription of two guineas a year, beginning with 1868, entitles any one to the valuable publications of the society.

....An esteemed contributor, writing in reply to Rev. Lyman Abbott's recent article (Sept. 30th) on "Woman's Function in the Church," says: "There are good Christians not a few who will readily admit all that Mr. Abbott says except his conclusion; but who will never be convinced that 'the Bible cannot be cited against' women's speaking in the church, until they can explain away two verses which writers on Mr. Abbott's side very commonly leave out of view. 'For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.'—(I Tim., ii, 13, 14.) This is a prime difficulty; for no fair interpretation can deny that Paul by these words *meant* to give a reason for his injunction of silence in the preceding verses; and this reason does not depend on the mutable customs of society, but is of such a nature that it either was invalid when Paul wrote or is valid now." Mr. Abbott did not leave this text out of view, but thought it enough, probably, to call attention to the fact that the teaching function, which Paul apparently disallows to women, is by the universal consent of all Christendom, Papal and Protestant, permitted, even specially conferred upon her. A fair construction of the entire passage, however, shows, we think, that the 13th and 14th verses are not alleged as a reason for enjoining silence upon women, but as the basis of the preceding exhortation to modesty in attire and demeanor. The fact that woman is no "angel," but a fallen child of God, partaking the sinfulness of the race, and needing the redeeming blood of Christ her Saviour, is one which the "girl of the period," puffed up by false flatteries and given to dress and dissipation, might well seriously consider. But it is surely no reason why, when filled with the spirit of Christ, she should be debarred from witnessing before others to the great salvation she has received at the foot of his cross; nor is Paul so illogical as to use it for that purpose.

....Christians of every denomination will be glad that President Grant has issued his proclamation for a day of National Thanksgiving; but the people of New England will generally regret that the day fixed for the purpose is not the one which has been observed in that part of the country from time immemorial, but the 18th of November—a week too early. We hope the President, out of respect to the feelings of the communities in which the good festival had its origin, will change the time to Nov. 25th.

Personal.

It is a cheering sign of the times to see a good and great man nominated to a public office, and then to see him manfully and modestly accept the nomination. Horace Greeley has just been placed on our state ticket for Comptroller; and, although he would greatly prefer to have been omitted (for he has no desire for official station), still his sense of duty has prompted him to accept the nomination. He has done right. His example is worthy to be followed by others. If it were generally known to nominating conventions that even subordinate political offices would not be refused by first-class men, our politics would have some chance of purification. Mr. Greeley was the favorite of the legislature of Virginia for United States senator for that state; and it is well understood that, had he been willing to accept an election at their hands, he would have received so overwhelming a majority of votes as to make the choice almost unanimous. But he declined to be a candidate. We regret this declination, because we want to see the precedent set of a state going where it pleases to find a senator, just as a borough in England goes where it pleases to select a member for Parliament. But, in declining the greater nomination and accepting the less, Mr. Greeley has shown his inherent unselfishness—a trait in which he is a model to most of the politicians of his time. If he had allowed himself to be made senator for Virginia, his motive might have been misconstrued into political ambition; but in allowing himself to be made Comptroller of New York the carpers will not dare say that he had any other motive than the public good.

....Rev. Dr. James Porter, formerly an agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and implicated by popular rumor in the alleged defalcations in that establishment, has published a defense, the most essential part of which we are constrained in fairness to print, as follows:

"The substance of these rumors in their worst form is that, having charge of supplying the Book Concern with paper, I employed my 'son,' or 'sons,' to purchase it; and allowed him, or them, to charge me a house a heavy commission, which commission I shared with him, or them, whereas it was my duty to buy it myself on the best attainable terms.

"To this I reply:

"1. That it was never made my special duty to buy the paper for the Concern at all, either by virtue of my appointment or by any arrangement between Dr. Carlton and myself. Nor was it wise for me to undertake it, knowing little of the business, and being necessarily absent from the city much of the time. Besides, I found another man of long experience and unquestioned skill and integrity occupied with that work when I entered the office.

"2. I therefore never bought a pound of paper during the whole twelve years of my connection with the Concern.

"3. Nor did I employ my son to purchase paper, or allow him any commission whatever, great or small. Neither am I aware that he was employed by any other party to do this work.

"4. When I entered upon my duties as assistant agent, in 1856, I found Mr. S. J. Goodenough, before referred to, acting as the regular purchaser of paper for the printing department, and have left him in the office a foreman. He did this work under the general supervision of the agents during the entire term of my service, having been instructed to buy the paper and other supplies for the printing office where he could get them cheapest for cash. When my son (not 'sons') went into the paper trade, in 1859, I called Mr. Goodenough's attention to the fact, and said that it was not likely that he could furnish as much as a paper as low as we could buy it of others. Should he be able to do so in any case, I would be glad to have him patronize him, if he thought best; but 'NOT TO GIVE HIM ONE MILL MORE THAN HE COULD BUY IT FOR ELSEWHERE,' and so far as I know or have reason to believe he followed this last injunction to the letter." [Mr. Goodenough confirms this statement.—Ed.]

"It has also been asserted that I had the special charge of buying supplies for the bindery; but this, too, is a mistake. When I entered the office, in 1856, I found Mr. Hoffman in charge of this branch of the business as foreman, enjoying the entire confidence, as I understood, of the agents who preceded me. He continued to purchase his supplies during my stay in the Concern, and I left him there when I resigned, in 1868, an efficient and faithful officer, as my associate and myself fully believed. I never bought a dollar's worth of stock for this department, though I occasionally compared the prices we were paying with those paid by the largest binderies of New York and Boston, as well as the prices charged by dealers with whom we had no dealings, to satisfy myself that we were buying at reasonable rates; and I did the same thing with regard to the purchases of paper and other supplies.

"Now, these being the facts in the case (and I have no doubt that Dr. Carlton, my superior officer for the whole time, Mr. Denham, our excellent cashier, and the bookkeepers, will attest to them, and can confirm them by the books of the house)—these being the facts, I say, where could any assumed 'profits' come from? And what becomes of my rumored 'fraud' in collusion with my son? Am I guilty, or not guilty? Let it be proved that I took one penny of commissions from my son or any one else on account of purchases made for that Concern, directly or indirectly, during the whole term of my twelve years' service as agent, and I will consent to be branded as a THIEF AND A ROBBER. But no man will attempt to prove it. And no man who has known anything of my business principles and habits during the forty years of my public life will believe it for one moment."

....The position assumed by Father Hyacinthe in relation to the Pope has caused a profound sensation among the Catholics of Europe. The Bishop of Orleans remonstrated with him in a letter of which this is the substantial part:

"You can measure by the grief of all the friends of the Church, and the joy of all her enemies, the evil you have done. I can only pray to God now and implore you to stop upon the brink you have reached, which leads to abysses the troubled eye of your soul has not seen. You have suffered, I know it; but allow me to say it, Father Lacordaire and Father Ravigan suffered, I know, more than you, and they rose higher in patience and strength, through love of the Church and of Jesus Christ. How was it you did not feel the wrong you were doing the Church, your mother, by these accusations; and the wrong you are doing Jesus Christ by placing yourself as you do, alone before him, in contempt of his Church? But I would fain hope, and I do hope, that it will only be a momentary aberration. Return to better ways; after causing the Catholic world this sorrow, give it a great consolation and a great example. Go and throw yourself at the feet of the Holy Father. His arms will be open to you, and in clasping you to his paternal heart he will restore to you the peace of your conscience and the honor of your life. Accept from him who was your bishop, and who will never cease to love you, this testimony and these counsels of a true and religious affection."

The Father's reply is as follows:

MONSEIGNEUR:—I am profoundly sensible of the feeling which dictated the letter you have done me the honor of writing, and I am most grateful for the prayers which you are kind enough to offer up in my behalf; but I can neither accept the reproaches nor the counsels you address to me. What you denominate as a great fault committed I designate as a great duty fulfilled. Accept, Monseigneur, the homage of the respectful sentiments with which I remain in Jesus Christ and in His Church.

Yours, etc.,
Father Hyacinthe.

Father Hyacinthe, the cable announces, is on his way to the United States. We shall not undertake to say what sort of reception he will meet with among Catholics; but we run no risk in saying that Protestants, if he gives them an opportunity to do so, will greet him with the respect with which his character as a Christian and his personal independence and loyalty to his highest convictions are so well fitted to inspire.

...Mr. Charles Dickens made a speech in Birmingham, lately, in which he said "he would take that opportunity of discharging himself of his whole political creed, which was, that "his faith in the people governing was infinitesimal, his faith in the people governed was illimitable." Mr. Dickens as a novelist is worthy of attention; as a statesman, or even as a politician, his views are of less importance than those of many another man however unknown to fame. We regret, for his own sake, that he has only an "infinitesimal faith" in Republican government; but we don't think his skepticism will have much weight with thinking men in any quarter of the world.

....The following card from Mrs. Stowe appears in the Hartford *Courant*:

"Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement. That she has kept silence heretofore in regard to the criticism on her article on Lady Byron for two reasons: First, because she regarded the public mind as in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and, second, because she has expected the developments of additional proofs in England, some of which, of great importance, have already come to hand. Mrs. Stowe is preparing a review of the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances and reasons which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure as an obligation alike of justice, gratitude, and personal friendship."

....Sojourner Truth, while in attendance at the last Friday-night prayer-meeting of Mr. Beecher's church, was invited by the pastor to make some remarks to the congregation; whereupon she rose and spoke for about half an hour in a vein of mingled sense, pathos, and wit by which all who heard her were both profited and pleased. The recital of her religious experiences was a treat much above the common confessions of prayer-meeting speeches. Her unique discourse will not be forgotten by those who heard it.

....Rev. W. H. Channing, the nephew and biographer of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, will deliver a course of twelve lectures on "The Progress of Civilization," on the foundation of the Lowell Institute, in Boston, commencing on the 19th inst. These lectures, we presume, will be printed in a book after their delivery; and we have no doubt that they will attract the attention of thoughtful persons on both sides of the Atlantic.

....A grand instrumental and vocal concert will be given at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening of this week, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the family of the late Prof. Chas. Van Oeckelen. Messrs. Mills, Moyan, Poznanski, Errani, and a number of other equally well-known and eminent artists have generously offered their services for the occasion, while Madam Parepa-Rosa declined only on account of previous engagements.

....Dr. Charles Jewett, the well-known temperance lecturer, has been engaged for two months' service in this city and vicinity, to commence on the 18th inst. He is a very attractive speaker.

Religious Intelligence.

A FINE specimen of impartial judgment is that afforded by a late convention held in Constantinople for the purpose of settling the difficulties between the missionaries there and one of their churches. The parties concerned agreed to submit their grievances and to abide by the decisions. The convention, which included ten Protestant churches in the region and many of the missionaries, appointed a committee, consisting of the native pastors of Broosa, Muradtchai, and Pera, and of Dr. B. Schneider, of the American Board, Dr. O. Thompson, of the British B

Financial & Commercial.

DRY GOODS.

BUSINESS generally has been very quiet during the past week; but in dry goods the dullness has been exceptional and unlooked for. The effects of the gold "corner" have been more severely felt the past week than during the week previous. It is astonishing to a good many, and puzzling withal, that the influence of a purely local and temporary speculation like that in our Gold Exchange should be so widely felt in all the ramifications of trade. But, in addition to the effects of the gold "corner," our dry goods dealers have had to bear the consequences of the late floods, which interrupted transportation and passenger traffic so seriously on the great trunk lines of railways that Western merchants have neither been able to send forward their goods nor have their produce sent to market. These are but derangements, it is true; yet they have happened at a very inopportune moment. Trade has, consequently, been depressed, and prices of standard goods in the hands of jobbers have yielded a little in order to induce purchases. As a considerable number of mills in the Eastern States have been obliged to suspend operations in consequence of damages by the floods, the curtailment of production has kept prices of certain descriptions of domestic goods from declining in first hands. There will probably be an improved demand for most descriptions of dry goods the coming week.

There has been very little activity during the past week in brown sheetings and shirtings, owing to causes mentioned above; but the manufacturers evince no disposition to submit to a decline of prices. Some of the leading jobbers, however, in the hope of tempting purchasers, have reduced their rates about one cent a yard on certain leading makes of brown sheetings. In the existing condition of the market it would be impossible to effect any large sales without submitting to a reduction of at least a cent a yard.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings are dull. The trade is light and prices have a yielding tendency. New York Mills have been sold by the agents at 21 cents, and the entire stock on hand closed out at that figure.

Cotton flannels sell slowly at our quotations for the best qualities. The demand is not by any means active, and nothing is done on speculation.

Corset jeans are rather more active, and prices are well sustained. Indian Orchards, improved, sell at 14 cents net.

Rolled jaconets are in very fair demand at steady prices, but the transactions in these goods are not very large; the sales are chiefly for distribution.

Silesias and cambrics are in moderate request, but prices are without change.

Shirtings and ticks are out of sale. Prices have been changed somewhat, but are steady at the revision.

Denims and cottonades are inactive for the season, but prices are unchanged.

Prints are offered like most other descriptions of domestic fabrics. Some of the new and attractive styles are readily sold at steady prices, but there is a disposition on the part of jobbers to suspend their purchases until the manufacturers consent to a reduction of prices, and if they hold out much longer they will undoubtedly succeed; but then they may hold off until the season is past for effecting sales.

Ginghams are in good demand, and sales are sufficiently large to prevent anything like an oversto k of the first hands. Prices are steadily maintained.

Muslin de laines meet with a ready sale, the demand for them being better than for almost any other description of domestic goods. One reason of this is that they approach more closely to the imported fabrics, with which they are brought into competition; and the chief reason of this is that they are better protected by the tariff than any other description of American manufacture.

Boulevard skirts are in very active demand this season, the sales being largely increased over last year.

Woolen shawls are also in improved demand with very active sales. Great assortments have been made in them, and they are fully equal to foreign articles in the matter of style. The duty on foreign wool shawls is 50 per cent. advalorem and 10 cents a pound. We do not see how the foreign manufacturer can compete with us on the present basis of duties.

Cloths are inactive, but there is a tolerably good demand for overcoatings and cloakings. Fine grades of cloths are in fair request, but inferior qualities are neglected.

Fine fabrics of new styles, of which the assortment in the market is large and attractive, meet with ready sale; but the common qualities are heavy and dull of sale.

Blankets and flannels do not sell freely. The sales are mostly in single bales, to make up assortments.

Imported goods have been more seriously affected by the fluctuations in gold than domestic fabrics. The trade has been prostrated, and the recent gold movements have been quite disastrous. Importations have been placed in bond. There is a large stock of worsted dress goods still on hand of the last year's importation, which cannot be forced off without a considerable reduction of prices. But the new season's goods, which are chiefly large plaids, find a ready sale. Fashionable millinery goods and colored silks sell readily and at good prices, and the finer qualities of cloths and cassimeres, but for common qualities there is little doing.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[ALTHOUGH quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS.—Early in the week there was a steadier feeling and the appearance of a more healthy demand for wheat for Western and State Flour, and the unfavorable reports from the North of very serious injury to the Red and Champlain Canada in the storm and floods, but within a few days the demand abated and prices declined, closing dull and nominally at the following grades for winter. The demand for No. 2 and Spring wheat was quite active, and prices varied somewhat, but there was no material change. We have no sales of spring under Winter Wheat Extras at \$1 50@1 60, which is very low figure. Receipts and sales of corn have been light, and the former are mostly of a damaged character, and the latter are in good demand at full prices. There has been a fair demand for Western and State oats, and prices have declined, but have been variable. Barley is in very low figure. Receipts and sales of rye have been light, and the former are mostly of a damaged character, and the latter are in good demand at full prices. There has been a fair demand for Western and State oats, and prices have declined, but have been variable. Barley is in very low figure. Receipts and sales of rye have been light, and the former are mostly of a damaged character, and the latter are in good demand at full prices. Mail is in small supply, but is in good demand at full prices and closes lower. Oats are in good demand and closing firm and in moderate supply. Corn has ruled quiet, closing firm and fairly steady.

BROWN COTTON AND BROOMS.—The inquiry for coarse and the market is steadier. Sales of New at 6@7 cts. for Red and Green. Brooms are quoted at \$4@\$7 per doz.

COAL.—The arrivals have not been so large during the week as to cause serious damage to railways and canals by the recent storms; but this has been chiefly repaired, and the arrivals will soon prove large. Cargo prices are unchanged. Sales from Elizabethport and Newburgh at \$5 50@5 75 for Lump, Chestnut, Grate, Stove, and Egg. Freight to this port 60@65 cts. per ton. Foreign is quiet, but at unchanged prices.

MOLASSES.—Some concessions on values and more liberal offering of stock by some of the principal holders have caused quite an active trade in the boiling and grocery qualities, and the reduced figures the market closes steady. Inferior grades still neglected and nominal. We quote Cuba Clayed at 45@48 cts.; Cuba Muscovado, 50@55 cts.; Porto Rico, 60@65 cts.; English Island, 60@65 cts.; and New Orleans, 50@55 cts.

PROVISIONS.—There has been scarcely anything doing in a speculative way; but a very good consumptive demand, and some of the stocks of the leading articles are being cleared—in one or two instances almost entirely exhausted. A reduction of 50 cents per bbl. in the very lively call from the South, and all goods adapted to this trade disappeared at full prices when, for other markets, there was produced a steady demand and firm prices on the finer qualities of Mess pork. New York is a wholesale way there has been scarcely any demand, but a good jobbing trade throughout the week. All calls, however, have been freely met, and holders have accepted lower rates rather than allow sales to go out of stock; though no undue pressure was exerted, as this would only have caused a heavy break. At the close the demand is moderate at prices ranging at \$31 50@32 00 for new and mess. For future delivery there has been a fair inquiry doing. New Mess for January is offered at \$30 per bbl. Other cuts have sold to a moderate extent, but the transactions are not important enough to be merely nominal. Beef has met with a moderate trade demand, and prices are the finer qualities have been quite firm. We quote at \$5@\$12 for Plain Mess and \$12@\$17 for Extra Mess. Prime Beef remains dull and nominal. Beef Hams remain steady and in fair request at \$18@\$20 per barrel. Cut Meats have met with a demand to a moderate extent, and the stock is slightly increased arrivals, and the market is again in a fair state of activity. Western Hams are offered at 10@10½ cts. Bacon has been more plenty, but stock, on the spot, and limited kosher rates, the trade. We quote the Southern Shoulders at 12½@12¾ cts. for future delivery the feeling is stronger, on the new Short ribs is lower, and asked for January. Lard quiet and closed easy at the week; but this drew a better demand from shippers, and without any decided recovery in prices have since ruled steady. We quote at 17@17½ cts. for No. 1, 17¾@18 cts. for Prime City, 17¾@18 cts. for Western Steam, and 18¾@18¾ cts. for Kettle-rendered. For future delivery the market has been quiet, but closes firmer, with 16¾ cts. bid for January. A sale has been made for March at 16 cts.

SEEDS.—A limited inquiry for Clover Seed at 12¾@12¾ cts. per lb. Timothy Seed is in limited demand at \$1 12½@1 62½ per bushel. Bonds Flax Seed is quiet at \$2 05@2 50 per bushel. Calcutta Linseed is firm at \$2 17½ per bushel, gold.

SUGARS.—Raw Sugars have sold in a slow and irregular manner, and at rather lower rates, refiners receiving very little stock with the prevailing moderate offers for their production. Holders have not forced sales, but have been free sellers, and the general market is more sciuiety, and the tone much firmer, at 10¼@10¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 10¾@10¾ cts. for Prime, 10¾@11 cts. for Good Grocery, and 12¼ cts. for No. 12 Dutch Standard. Refined have met with only a jobbing inquiry, and the further declined, closing at 16@16¼ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, but with indications of an immediate increase of business.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCT. 12TH, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

BEEF CATTLE.—The market early in the week was firm, owing to the small supply, and we note an advance; closing weak, however.

COWS AND CALVES.—Milch Cows of inferior grade are dull and prices nominal; but prime stock is in good demand and firm at an advance. Veal Calves advanced early and close steady.

SHEEP were firmer early, and prices advanced, closing steady. Lambs have sold well, closing firm.

SWINE, under an increase in the supply, have declined. We note a dull market.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	16 @16¾	16 @16¾
First quality	15¾@16¼	15½@15¾
Second quality	14¾@15	14¾@15
Third quality	13½@14¾	13½@14
Inferior	8 @13½	9 @13¼
Average of all sales about	13½@13¾	@13¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$100@115	$100@110
Good	80@ 95	80@ 95
Fair	60@ 75	60@ 75
Inferior and Common	30@ 55	30@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	13 @14	12½@13¾
Good	12 @13	11 @12
Common	11½@11¾	8½@10½
Inferior	9½@10	8½@ 9

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice, per lb.	7 @ 7½	6½@ 7
Good	6¾@ 6¾	6¼@ 6½
Fair	5¾@ 6	5½@ 6
Poor	4¾@ 5¼	4½@ 5
Common	4 @4 5	4½@ 4¾
Extra Lambs	9½@ 9¾	8½@ 9
Good	8½@ 9	7½@ 8
Common to Fair	7 @8	6 @7

SWINE.

Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed 9½@ 10¼	13 @13¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 11, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfect than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15	Lowell	10½
Merrimack, D	13½	Wamsutta	13½
Cocheco, L	14	Victory	10
Sprague	15	Wauregan	12
Arnold	13¾	Arnold	12
American	12	Hamilton	13½
Pacific	13	Richmond	13
Allens	13	Gloucester	13½
Manchester	13	Mourning	13½
Nassau	12½	Lancaster	13½
Amoskeag	13	Oriental	13¾

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pepperell, E	13½
Lawrence, O	14	" R	14½
" O	13½	" O	13½
" O	12½	" N	13½
" H	11	"	12½
" H	10½	"	11½
Pacific, Extra	13	"	10½
" H	11½	"	10¼
" H	10	Boot, R	13½
Atlantic, A	15½	"	12½
" H	14½	" H	11½
" V	13½	" H	10½
" V	12½	Appleton, A	13½
" H	11½	Lawrence, H	11½
Shawmut, C	14½	"	10½
Augusta, F	13½	"	9½
Stark, A	14½	"	8½
Massachusetts	11½	Lyman, E	14
" BB	14	" C	14
Indian Head	13½	"	13
"	13½	Utica	13
Exeter, A	13½	Fremont, C	14
" S	13	Ingun Orchard, A	13½
Medford	13½	"	14
Augusta	14½	"	13½
Gilboa	14	"	12
Pittsfield, A	13½	Great Falls, H	9½
Kennebec	13½	"	15
Everett, A	14	" M	13
Bedford, R	13½	"	12
Pocasset	13½	Cabot, A	13½
"	12½	" W	12½
" K	12½	Dwight, A	14½
Newmarket, A	12½	"	13½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	24½	Ballou & Son	15
Wamsutta	23½	Lonsdale	8½
"	22	Lonsdale, Cambric	14
Tuscarora	18	Hill	13
Slaters	16	"	8½
White Rock	15	Barnard	14
Semper Idem	14	"	13
Masonville	16	" 33-inch	14
Rockstone	14½	" 31-inch	13
Lonsdale	15	James Mills 44	15½
Langdon	14½	" 39-inch	14
" 42-inch	16	" 31-inch	13
" 40-inch	15	Great Falls, S	15
Waterford	13	" A	14
Pemperell	23½	"	13
"	22	Red Bank	13½
"	20½	"	12½
Utica	21	Waltham, X	14
"	18	" 42-inch	18
"	16	"	15
Stott, E	16	"	14
" S	14	Franklin M'f'g Co	15
"	13	Bay Mills	13½
Androscoggin	14	Putnam, A	14½
Barnet	13	"	13½
Dwight, A	13½	Green, G	14
Reynolds, AA	13	Amoskeag, A	13
Mystic Lake	14	"	12

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	20	Otis Company, CC	21
York	19	" " BB	20
Uncasville	18	" " AA	18½
Haverhill	17	Warren, Brown	22
Hamilton	17	Lewiston bleaching	21
Everett	14	Columbian	21

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	21	Whittenton, A	20
York	20	" BB	17
Uncasville	18	" C	15
Haverhill	17	Eagle	13
Hamilton	17	Thorndike	21½
Everett	14	Thorndike, A	16

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	22	South River	17½
York, 30-inch	20½	Methuen, AA	17
Amoskeag, A, C, A	20	Hamilton, Regular	26
" A	20	Whitney Brook	23
"	22	Everett	20
"	20	" A Extra	20
Conestoga, Gold Mt	25	Hampden, CC	20
" Extra	23	Pearl River	21
" Extra	20	Pittsfield	20

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	13½	Pepperell	13
Lonsdale	13½	Eaton	13½
Saco & Pepperell	13	Indian Orchard	14
New Market	14	Everett	13

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17½	Appleton	17
Pepperell	17½	Tremont	17
Lawrence	16½	Laconia	16½
Stark, A	17	Wintropville	13½

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	20
Hamilton	20	Pepperell	20
Manchester	20	Armures	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	32½	Salmon Falls, AA	28
Laconia	30	Manchester, A	26
Pemberton, C	19	Manchester	18½
" A	17	Ellerton, O	21
Nashua, A	17	" O	24

Publisher's Department.

1769 was noted for the birth of Napoleon, Wellington, Cuvier, and Humboldt. 1869 has been noted for the justly-merited popularity of Messrs. Freeman & Burr, Merchant Tailors and Outfitters, Nos. 138 and 140 Fulton Street, New York.

VARIETIES.

A NEW hoop-skirt, called the Monocrat, made of balmoral, felt, or muslin, with steel springs combined, is a unique and convenient article. The springs are run through eyelets in the gored petticoat, so that they may be removed and replaced with ease when the skirt is washed. Skirts are small, the average size being about seventy-five inches.

For information received we are indebted to Mesdames DIEDEN, PAGE, and FERRERO, and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & CO., LORD & TAYLOR, JAMES M'CREERY & CO., WILLIAM I. PEAKE & CO., and THOMPSON, LANGDON & CO.

VERMONT SPRING WATER.

The great remedy for Cancer, Scrofula, Kidney Diseases, etc. We understand that the recent successes of this remedy exceed anything hitherto published. Those interested should send to the proprietors, SAXE & Co., Sheldon, Vt., for a pamphlet; or to their agents, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co., 170 William St., New York.

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

WE have made arrangements with the manufacturers of the "Reliance Wringer," by which we offer the "Cog-Wheel Machine" (cash price $9) to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10; or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The "Wringer" will be delivered at our office or sent by express, as may be directed.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

ANY person who will obtain four new subscribers, and send us the money, ten dollars, will be presented with both engravings as a reward for his or her services. Each of the new subscribers thus obtained, of course, will receive both engravings also. Any active person, male or female, it is believed, can obtain these presents for an hour's work.

We want *all our subscribers* to have this premium, and we think an average of fifteen minutes' work from each will secure it —value $4. Pretty good pay. Send us your orders.

richly worth twice the subscription price of the paper. $3 50 obtains *both* engravings and THE INDEPENDENT for one year. Such inducements for single subscribers were never offered before by any paper in America.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Monthly* —price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hours at Home

is a "Popular Monthly of Instruction and Recreation." It holds a foremost place among magazines for the family, and has made itself a welcome visitor in thousands of homes throughout the country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Hours at Home* one year—price $3—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hours at Home*) who will send us $4 50; or we will send *Hours at Home* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large handsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber to that periodical who will send us the names of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be found and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BEECHER.
MISS SEDGWICK.	BETHUNE.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MISS SOUTHWORTH.	E. H. DANA.
WHITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PRENTICE.	BOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	SAXE.
POE.	STODDARD.
TUCKERMAN.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
HAWTHORNE.	E. ALLAGHER.
SIMMS.	COZZENS.
E. PENDLETON COOKE.	BALLECK.
HOFFMAN.	
PRESCOTT.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,000, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

NOTICES.

HAVEN.—What Swedenborg says about it: a lecture, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles, at Cooper Union, on Sunday evening, Oct. 17, at 7½ o'clock. Free to all.

DIED.

CUMMINGS.—In Arcade, N. Y., Sept. 29th, Mrs. Julia, wife of Mr. J. T. Cummings, aged 31 years.

Converted to Christ at the early age of 11, the deceased had faithfully served her Master 20 years, manifesting her religious principles in all the relations which she sustained in life, whether as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, or as a member of the household of faith. She was indeed a Christian woman. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish

AND

Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made repeated efforts to satisfy us, and expended a MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, is has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,

Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

IVORIDE

KNIFE-HANDLES

EQUAL IN

BEAUTY and DURABILITY

TO THE GENUINE

IVORY,

AND AT

HALF THE PRICE.

This material is guaranteed to resist the action of heat and cold, whether of water or of the atmosphere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

J. Russell & Co.,

GREEN RIVER CUTLERY WORKS,
83 BEEKMAN STREET, New York City.

Sterling Silver

Forks and Spoons

AT CLOSE PRICES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 and 552 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SOLID TABLE SILVER

DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES,

TEA-SETS AND FANCY ARTICLES.

NEW STYLES OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

FIRST MORTGAGE

30 YEAR 7 PER CENT. BONDS,

Interest payable April and October,

AT THE BANK OF AMERICA, IN NEW YORK.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad connects the two large cities from which it takes its name, and, with its branches in the State of Kentucky, is 307 miles long. The cost of the work and its present equipment has been $15,276,000, which was mostly furnished by the cities and counties along the line. The road has been in successful operation for many years, and is doing a prosperous and steadily increasing business. The following is the Income Account for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1869:

Gross Earnings	$6,288,699 44
Running Expenses	$1,709,514 82
Interest Account	2,277,302 21 1,936,718 04
Net earnings	$351,891 40

The earnings for the eight months ending with August, 1869, show an increase over those of the corresponding period of 1868 of $255,819 64.

As the road was built almost entirely by local subscription, the whole amount of its present bonded debt is but $2,364,000.

The Company now has an opportunity of purchasing other railroad lines that will extend its business connections, besides adding largely to the value of its present property. To obtain the funds for these purchases, and to retire the present indebtedness of $2,364,000 at maturity, the Company has executed a mortgage to James Punnett and Junius B. Alexander, of the City of New York, as Trustees, upon its entire lines of road, with all its rolling stock, property, franchises, and income, to secure the prompt payment of its bonds for eight million dollars. These bonds are for one thousand dollars each, payable thirty years from 1st of April, 1869, and bear seven per cent interest. The coupons are payable April and October, at the Bank of America, in New York.

The judicious investment of the proceeds of these bonds would of itself be a good security for the obligation; but they have the further guaranty of a first mortgage upon the present road, which has cost over Fifteen Million Dollars, and whose net earnings are now double the entire interest obligation it would assume.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company is well known to be a thoroughly solvent corporation, paying eight per cent. dividends upon its stock. It is managed by gentlemen of high character and credit, and has never failed to meet all its liabilities of every kind at maturity.

The mortgage will be for an unusually small proportion of the value or income of the property, and we therefore *unqualifiedly* recommend these bonds to investors as in all respects a first-class security.

It is the purpose of the Company to issue, at present, only a small portion of its bonds secured under this mortgage, which we are now authorized to sell, in lots to suit purchasers, at ninety and accrued interest.

J. B. ALEXANDER & CO., No. 19 Nassau St., N. Y.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, No. 59 Wall St., N. Y.

September 5th, 1869.

John J. Cisco & Son,

BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall st., New York,

(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

HATCH, FOOTE & CO.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,

No. 12 WALL ST., N. Y.,

BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, all issues of U. S. Bonds.

GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

Orders in Miscellaneous Stocks executed on Commission.

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN ST., Up Stairs,

OFFER AN UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT OF THE

Gorham Manufacturing Company STERLING

SILVERWARE

Comprising all their newest and most desirable patterns in DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, as well as TABLE SILVER of endless variety. The experience of forty years as practical Silversmiths has won for the goods of their manufacture a REPUTATION UNAPPROACHED BY ANY OTHER HOUSE.

The Gorham Factory is the most EXTENSIVE and COMPLETE IN THE WORLD, possessing all the newest and most ingenious labor-saving machinery, and employing hundreds of hands skilled in designing, modeling, and finishing, thereby PRODUCING IN LARGE QUANTITIES, ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL BASIS, goods beautiful in design and of unsurpassed finish, which are guaranteed of sterling purity by United States Mint Assay.

A complete assortment of GORHAM ELECTRO-PLATE on NICKEL SILVER, at prices established by the Company.

METALLIC PORCELAIN-LINED

SILVER-PLATED

ICE - PITCHERS,

AND

Baking Dishes,

WITH

SILVER-PLATED RECEPTACLES,

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The Independent.

AUTUMN.

The forest leaves have lost their summer hue,
And, tinged with Autumn's gorgeous coloring,
Are bright'ning for decay.
The insect world
Are folding now their wings of gossamer,
Nor will they fan the upper air again
Till Spring's glad voice shall call her votaries forth.
A melancholy sound of falling leaves
Comes from the dim old woods, where summer birds
Sat and caroled joyously; but now no strain
Of gushing music wakes the solitude,
Save when some lonely songster, lingering still,
As though t'were loth to leave its pleasant home,
Is heard in notes of plaintive melody
Chanting a farewell to the dying flowers.

E. V. S.

Our Western Letter.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THIS truant correspondent, after neglecting you so long, is back at his post. And it is a little humiliating to reflect that THE INDEPENDENT can so well dispense with so indispensable an article as its Penholder. For I cannot find any diminution in the interest of these long columns when the Western Correspondence is omitted.

I came near writing you a Western letter from Boston. For what could be more truly Western than the reflections of such a Hoosier as your correspondent treading the sacred soil of Boston Common, standing stock still staring at old Faneuil Hall, eating baked beans and Boston brown bread, and, above all, hearing Boston talk? I could have written a very Western letter; but the opportunity is passed now, and have not preachers and moralists in all ages told us that neglected opportunities never return? But I must say that, while I found more conservatism, more bondage to tradition, less individuality than we have, I noticed, also, many things that were very admirable. There is in Boston a reverence for those impalpable but very substantial things that people call ideas—a reverence that is unhappily not very largely developed in our Western people. *We* are filled with the conceit of making history, and for that which is venerable in the past we have no more respect than iconoclasts generally entertain. I observe more thorough culture among educated people and fewer half-educated people in New England than at the West. Of course, there are ignorant people, and narrow people, and boorish people by the thousand in the Yankeedand, as elsewhere. Was it not a maiden lady of Massachusetts nativity that once assured me that nothing was so beneficial to her health as "digging in the elements with a *florid* hoe"? It is not to be denied that there is a hardness about New England culture that impulsive Western people are prone to call a want of heart, but which is only a most reprehensible lack of demonstrativeness. But I, who have not a granule of Plymouth Rock in me, who never had a Pilgrim forefather, may be allowed to admire the refinement of New England people. In two weeks of travel, extending from Springfield to Bangor, I did not hear a single New England lady talking or laughing in a public conveyance in such a manner as to attract the attention of strangers. One does not often travel two days in the West without being talked at by some unfledged boarding-school girl, who is ambitious, of airing her vanity and her ignorance. One such prodigy I remember, who talked *to* her illiterate mother, but *at* a whole coach full of passengers, through a weary day. Toward evening we reached a ferry. "See! mother!" cried the prodigy, "that reminds me of Charon's fabled ferry over the River Styx!" "It reminds me," said the ond mother, "of Steve Joneses ferry across the Wiscons' River."

All travel at the East seems comfortless to a Western man on account of the general inferiority of the cars. To one accustomed to the "Palace" coaches, as we republicans love to call them, there is something mean in most of the cars on Eastern roads. A Western man is painfully impressed with the barbarism of Eastern roads in the matter of eating-houses and the time allowed for meals. Sandwiches and coffee gulped at a counter during a five-minutes stay do not impress favorably one who is accustomed to the excellent dinners served at many of our Western railway eating-houses, and to the leisurely meals eaten on dining-cars, as on the Chicago and Alton road, where one eats and rides at the same time.

Of religious movements here there is not much to be said. High Churchism has deliberately placed itself on record as in favor of Bishop Whitehouse's methods of dealing with heretics. The High Churchmen of Illinois do not think that an accused man has any right to inquire whether the court has already pledged itself to a condemnation or not. Low Churchmen are blind. They have vainly talked of impeaching Bishop Whitehouse. Can they not now see that he has spent years in entrenching himself, and that this diocese is now forever secure to High-Church principles and Jesuit practices? If it is really desirable that there should be maintained an evangelical organization in this country with the best parts of the English liturgy, the time to act is the present. The Low Churchmen are being beaten in detail. Mr. Cheney will be deposed—it is a question of time. Then will come Dr. Powers's turn, perhaps. If a court may not be challenged, and if there is no appeal, who doubts that Dr. Whitehouse will find tools enough? And, if the signing of the protest is in the Bishop's opinion an immorality, what shelter is there for any Low Churchman? What did the lamb's innocence avail when its accuser was a wolf?

If the Northwestern University and the village of Evanston come in for a rather frequent mention in these letters, it is not my fault. If people will keep moving ahead, the blessings of this correspondent be upon them. Just how they are doing a handsome thing. Woman's rights are knocking at the door of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Church, in the persons of influential Evanston ladies. This question of rights must go through. It marches straight up to every door. In this case the new college for women at Evanston is the applicant. It has a charter. It has already forty thousand dollars' worth of property. It has the sanction of the University, which, with Dr. Haven in the lead, proposes to open all doors to the young women students. The new college is already betrothed to the University. The college only proposes to give the young women students a home, and such special instructions as girls may need, the University classes to supply the rest. The memorial asks ecclesiastical recognition. It bravely cites the fact that Methodism has always given a liberal place to woman's activities. It plants itself right in the line of progress; and, if the memorial is not successful, it deserves to be.

In these days of boating, it may not be out of place to say a word here about base-ball. Chicago has failed utterly to show any muscle in the contests of the "national game." But at last the disgrace is to be removed. A plan is on foot to raise ten thousand dollars "to hire professional ballists." What an accession that will be to our muscle! How much it will improve the general development of the people to have say a whole circus, hired at the expense of the Board of Trade, to whip Cincinnati or any other city in any sort of a contest. Of course, these professionals will be procured in the cities that have beaten us. This is too much like the plan of employing a professional pugilist to avenge your wounded honor.

We have before had occasion to mention the fact that Germans govern Chicago. In fact, the *Staats Zeitung* governs Chicago. Just now the three morning papers—*Tribune*, *Republican*, and *Times*—with the *Evening Journal* are combined to drive the German ring from power. But one English paper, the *Post*, sustains the regular Republican nominations. But it must be confessed the "Anti-Barnacle Party" has selected a hard list of candidates. If they had taken men not politicians, their victory would be easy; but they have only a string of political hacks. As the fight has degenerated now into a squabble between the ins and the outs, the people do not seem to care much about it, beyond a general desire that both sides may be as much damaged as possible.

The amount of real ability developed by the Woman's Suffrage movement in the West is remarkable. We find all at once that many of the ablest speakers we have are women. My good friend, Dr. Hatfield, who never looks inside a suffrage meeting, thinks badly of these women. Know ing, as I do, the material of which these conventions are composed, I want to say that a nobler company of women, as a whole, can hardly be found than those who are bent on accomplishing the suffrage reform. They are generally good wives and faithful mothers.

Rev. G. A. Wrenn, pastor of the North Star (Baptist) Mission in this city, and one of the most active and able laborers in the mission work, has resigned his charge. What are Mr. Wrenn's plans for the future we do not know; but we hope he will not leave the mission work.

PENHOLDER.

Book Table.

RENAN'S ST. PAUL.*

ERNEST RENAN has already given, in "The Apostles," a rather theatrical account of the conversion of St. Paul. The scenic effects in the second volume of his history of Christianity are not good. And, as Renan is nothing if he is not scenic, the book fell almost dead from the press. "St. Paul," the third volume in the series, commences with the first journey from Antioch. It closes with the last journey to Rome. It follows in its narrative the Book of Acts, apparently with little chronological change, and only an occasional interjection of an Epistle—once or twice in the form of analysis, oftener by large quotations from the original. Monsieur Renan is thoroughly at home in the scenes which he portrays. In his descriptive passages his fault becomes a virtue. His scholarship is the servant of his imagination. It brings him only what is needed for his pictures. We live in the past. Less elaborate in detail, his book is far more graphic in its general effect than the analogous work of Conybeare & Howson. It tells us less. We realize more. Such pictures as that of the cities of Galatia, or that of the Jewish quarters at Rome, give us certainly a more vivid idea of their subjects than we possessed before. Whether it is more accurate we are not quite so sure. Occasionally he fails where we expected great success. The story of the shipwreck, which should have employed all Renan's powers, disappoints us. It is the same with his description of the crucifixion in the "Life of Jesus." It would seem that he writes poorly when he writes with effort. But this is an exception. Artistically, the book is entitled to high praise. If the life of Paul is a spectacular display, Renan has interpreted it admirably. The scenery is all new, and the costuming elaborately studied. But if it is even a drama, he has failed—failed to comprehend the man, and the deep significance of his battle and his victory.

The influence of Paul consists in the truth of which he was the expounder; still more in the experience of which he was the embodiment. His life was eventful, but the events do not give to it its interest. He is the representative of a new system—almost its founder. Christ evoked the force which constitutes Christianity a life. Paul organized it in the forms which constitute it a system. We do not expect from Renan *our* estimate either of the man or of the doctrine. We are not disappointed that he ignores the Christian experience of the one and disowns the divine origin of the other. We do not try M. Renan by Orthodox standards. But we do expect from any writer who attempts a "St. Paul" something like an adequate estimate of the man and his work; some better account of the Church at Antioch, for example, than a pretty picture of the "myrtle, underwood, arbutus, laurels, and green oaks" that grew along shore; some better discrimination between Jew and Greek than such a sentence as this: "What pointed out the Jewish quarter to the newcomer from Seleucia or Cæsarea were the distinctions of race: those young girls, clothed in bright colors, white, red, and green, no medium shades; those matrons, with calm looks, red cheeks, slight *embonpoint*, and kind, motherly eyes."

The power which one should possess in peculiar measure who essays the life of St. Paul M. Renan wholly lacks. He is incapable of mental analysis. He has no power to grasp moral truths; none to throw himself, by a sympathetic imagination, into the thoughts and feelings of others. His poetry is all of the surface. He realizes only what he sees. Even his descriptions of Nature are only of her costumes. Of Paul's character he affords nothing worthy to be called an analysis. He endeavors, in a closing chapter, a sort of outline sketch of the apostle's character. It is as unappreciative as it is fragmentary. According to him, Saint Paul is "no saint"; "the dominant feature of his character is not goodness"; he is no poet; "his writings, works of the greatest originality, are without charm"; he is unlearned, and has greatly injured science by his paradoxical contempt for reason"; "Is not even a very virtuous man"; covenants with the foolish and the wicked; "above all, is never agreeable"; is, on the other hand, harsh, dogmatic, quarrelsome, fanatical, narrow-minded; a propagandist, though possessing noble qualities; full of self-sacrifices, but only that he may succeed; a man of action, not of ideals, who "should even occupy a position beneath that of Francis D'Assisi and the author of the 'Imitation.'" This is Renan's measure of the man; his estimate of the doctrine is little better. He occasionally catches a glimpse of some of the sublime verities of Christianity, as in his comment on the apostle's doctrine of love. He affords something like a tolerable analysis of the Epistle to the Romans. But these are exceptions. He even seems to feel a reluctance to deal with the inexplicable experiences of one who is doubtless to him a mystic. He is, perhaps, half-conscious of his incapacity. He contents himself with long quotations, without interpretation. He even embodies in one chapter the whole Epistle to the Galatians, and in another a large part of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. We expect of a writer on St. Paul some true, appreciative estimate of his works.

Mere quotations of writings which are already in every house do not suffice. But it is better than an ignorant invective, or an inappreciative flattery. On the whole, Mons. Renan's forbearance is his greatest virtue. Our thankfulness for his modesty is enhanced by the sorry work he makes when he occasionally oversteps the boundary which his narrow but brilliant facts assign him.

Paul was the exponent of two grand truths. About these two grand truths or principles all his system of doctrine crystallized; from them all his experience was evolved. The first was the doctrine of faith. He declared that men had suckled at the breast of tradition long enough. Not that tradition was useless, but that the time of weaning had come. To the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob he no longer appealed; but to the God which speaks in every man's breast. He asserted that every soul has the right, the opportunity of Moses and the prophets, to talk with God for himself. He refused to give precedence to those disciples who were the companions of Christ in the flesh. He claimed a higher, a spiritual, an immortal companionship. This was not poetry. It was not a mystical dream. It was a reality. It was his soul's life. Immanuel—God with us—was not a vision of the past. The incarnation was a permanent reality. He believed in a living Christ. That M. Renan cannot understand this ought not to surprise us, since there are not many Christians who can. The altar to the unknown God is still the most popular altar in Christendom. We can hardly complain even of Renan's interpretation; "the Christ who gives him (Paul) personal revelations is his own phantom—it is himself he hears, while thinking he hears Jesus." It is the natural interpretation, the only possible interpretation, to him who lives by sense alone.

The second principle is the corollary of the first. Liberty is the fruit of faith. Laws and penalties are for a period of tutelage, if not of servitude. Subjection to them is far better than the independence of anarchy. But there is an independence of love that is better than either. The soul that is the receptacle of the Spirit of Christ is impatient of the restraints of the past. Filled with the enthusiasm of love enkindled by the communion with God, it walks freely, joyously whithersoever it will, its will always leading it Godward—heavenward. No wonder the Roman Catholic Church hardly canonized Paul, hardly even bore with him. His impatient spirit would have made quick work with its system of laws, regulations, penances. For centuries Paul was buried in the very church he helped to build. In Luther he rose again from the dead. It is with commingled sorrow and indignation that we read the Frenchman's interpretation of the apostolic doctrine of liberty. "Paul, at least, imagines no other mode of suppressing sin than by suppressing the law. . . . To unloosen consciences, to render them as broad as possible, is to prevent offenses, since no one violates a rule by which he does not deem himself restrained." Alas! will the liberty wherewith Christ makes free ever be comprehended? Paul in advance of his own age? Aye! nor has the nineteenth century caught up with him. Nor will he be apprehended until we have learned, what he exhausted language in endeavoring to teach, that there is a higher standard of conduct than conscience—namely, love; that there is a nobler life than even that of obedience to the laws of God—namely, that of personal spiritual accord with him; that there is something better even than being servants of Christ—namely, becoming his brethren in the household of the Heavenly Father—"children of God, and if children then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

—From the press of Roberts Brothers we receive the advance sheets of *The Writings of Madame Sivetchine*. They are composed for the most part of fragmentary paragraphs, dominated by no settled purpose, crystallized about no central idea. They are intellectual walls; thoughts, but not the product of any purposed thinking. We do not think that such fragmentary intellectual scraps are of any very great value, except as they throw light upon the experience and life of one whose personal character give them all their significance.

—*The Vail Lifted* is another book (English) on convent life, republished by Henry Hoyt, Boston. It is not so much a story as a series of effective pictures, the main fault with which is that they are all too somber. There are just such sad, discouraged, disappointed *religieuses*; but there must be some besides cruel lady superiors, who feel a firm faith and hearty enthusiasm in the self-denial of their unnatural vows.

—*Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children*, edited by William Logan, (London, James Nisbet & Co.), has been recently noticed in these columns. We have received a copy of the sixth edition (fifteenth thousand), which indicates that the aim of the editor is well accomplished, and that his *Words* do have real comfort in them to the bereaved.

—From Hurd & Houghton we receive the second volume of their reprint of Hans Christian Andersen's Works, *The Two Baronesses*. Andersen's writing is the furthest possible remove from sensationalism. We should be glad of any evidence of its popularity among the romance readers of America.

—J. W. Pratt, 164 Fulton street, publishes every month the *Traveler's Official Guide of the Railways and Steam Navigation Lines in the United States and Canada*. It is compiled and edited by Edward Vernon, and contains in convenient shape the information usually sought for in such a periodical.

—In *Archibald Hamilton* (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) we have a comfortably good religious story, that will do no hurt and that will fill its place in the Sunday school library with some credit. At any rate, we doubt if its covers will be the first in the library to need refreshing.

—Lawrence Lancewood, Esq., gives us another of his stories about boys in *Peter Clinton* (Henry A. Young & Co., Boston). It is of the Lancewood style, and much better than the average, and with an interesting plot.

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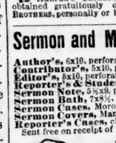

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* SAINT PAUL. Par ERNEST RENAN, Member de l'Institut. Avec une carte des Voyages de Saint Paul. Par M. KIEPERT, de l'Academie de Berlin. Paris: Michel Levy Freres. New York: F. W. Christern.

SAINT PAUL. By ERNEST RENAN, Author of "The Life of Jesus." "The Apostles," etc. Translated from the original French by ISABELLA LOGEWOOD. New York: G. W. Carleton.

The Boy Magician;

OR,

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

LATE one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple, on an island in the South Pacific.

He was of middle age, tall, thin, and gaunt, with rugged features and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence.

Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself, which he had just finished, as was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands.

"It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspect that I have cut my name and story into the base of this idol."

He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester, of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston to Hong Kong, *via* Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecla.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day; but have nevertheless made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another—doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family, at Norfolk, Va. Finished this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered; "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean.

There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the waters.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly. "At last, oh heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth River, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front verandah.

The mother was a lovely, sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two-and-thirty years. The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband, where is he? Somewhere under the seawaves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me, Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich, then, mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother, sadly.

"Your father was a merchant and shipowner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up country, which were not risked in the business."

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden-gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—it's Ally Bell!" exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the verandah steps and met the new-comer, linking her arm in his and drawing him gently toward the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel Nichols. Bright and gay and handsome, Allen Bell was also impetuous, ardent, and intelligent—one of those noble, manly boys who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he loved Amy Lester with a pure and chivalrous love, which bade fair to deepen in time into the great love of his life.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lester; and, having delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the wide garden-walks into the cool shadows of a grove at the bottom of the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good while, Ally," said Amy, with charming frankness. "I thought you would be down here to try those scientific experiments today."

"We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show better at night. I'm getting along finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy, earnestly. "You are the nicest boy I ever say."

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's childlike simplicity and outspoken truthfulness were her greatest charm in his eyes.

"The sight of that brig yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Colonel Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now, but you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden-gate, toward which they had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly—Ally to go down to the brig, where he had engaged to meet his uncle, and Amy to return to her mother.

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as a statue, her attitude that of profound despair.

"What is it, mother?" cried Amy, in wild alarm, springing to her side.

Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, turning to that brave, childish heart for strength and comfort, "Colonel Nichols writes me that we are beggars. He reminds me that he has asked me three several times to marry him. And, Amy, he says he knows your father to be dead, and he offers himself to me for the last time. He reminds me of my ill health, of your youth and helplessness. And he says"—and Mrs. Lester's voice broke down in a tempest of sobs—"that on the one hand he offers me wealth, comfort, and happiness, on the other poverty and sorrow. If I refuse him, he swears to turn us out of our home to-morrow."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II.

ALLY ENTRAPPED.

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the Captain, who went by the name of Hiley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, *in case the boy never came back*. Hiley was a murderer, whose real name was Sprouls, and Colonel Nichols knew it. And Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and now wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered; and Hiley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

"Where is the lad?" he asked, as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes. To which the Colonel replied:

"He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I hear his step on deck now! Here he comes!"

Even as he spoke, Ally Bell came hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I'm just in time to see you off, Captain Hiley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet, and must be pretty."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Allen," responded the Captain, heartily. "Didn't you see my collection of shells in yonder state-room? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir."

He advanced and flung open the state-room door.

Ally bent forward and looked in.

With a quick thrust, Hiley pushed him into the little room and hurriedly locked the door.

With an exultant smile, Colonel Nichols said adieu, and went ashore.

The next minute the hurried trampling of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seamen, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf toward the sea.

Ally's first thought, on finding himself shut up in Captain Hiley's state-room, was that the two men were joking—merely intending to scare him a little, and then let him out. But he soon discovered that the "Quickstep"—the brig was so named—had left her wharf, and was standing down the Elizabeth River toward the ocean.

The truth flashed upon him.

"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Hiley is taking me to sea with him! Captain Hiley!" he shouted, pounding on the wall; "open the door this minute! Let me out, or it will be bad for you!"

No reply was made to him—no attention paid to his cries.

He saw that he was fast, and was stunned by the knowledge of his situation.

CHAPTER III.

LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon, where they nightly confined him; and then, suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in the direction in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength, and had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and now the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment, when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was the ship, standing directly toward him, with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is!" he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved, saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven in a mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud, the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer.

He reloubled his wild shouts, his heart and soul in his voice.

An answering cry came suddenly from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer, swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown from her deck, falling into his canoe.

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning over the ship's side drew him aboard.

In an instant more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, leaning against the bulwarks, weak and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the gladness of this hour!"

Poor man! He did not dream at that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own ships—the "Cyclone"; that that ship was commanded by a bitter foe, in league with Colonel Nichols, who, on recognizing him, would without remorse consign him again to the mercies of the Pacific in his Indian canoe.

On inquiry, Lester learned that the vessel was the "Cyclone," and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and wiping the stain from his face with its coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, don't you know me?"

"David Lester!" cried the captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationary seat as though he had received a shock.

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the captain taking a seat opposite him.

He had so much to ask that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the captain regarded him. But he finally plied his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, that his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also learned of his wife's poverty.

"Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the Captain, reservedly; "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living on his bounty these two or three years! When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns the other half!"

"But this is a base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him. I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile; but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice, the dastardly villain! My poor Margaret!" and he groaned.

Lester's threat concerning Nichols seemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his interest in the ship, fraudulently acquired, threatened; and he hated still more the lawful owner whose right in the "Cyclone" he had usurped.

"If report speaks truly," he said, "Mrs. Lester need not be called 'poor.' Colonel Nichols has long been paying her attentions; and when I left port, five months ago, the story was that they were engaged. The Colonel told me himself that he loved her, and meant to marry her. No doubt by this time they are married."

This cruel thrust struck home to the poor husband's heart, and uttering a great cry he fell forward with his face upon the table, while the Captain regarded him with a look of mingled hatred and exultation.

Leaving his victim thus stunned, Captain Sales went on deck; and, seeing that a storm was rising, and thinking the time favorable for geting rid of Lester, he informed the crew that the strange man in the cabin was an insane creature, whom it would be unsafe to keep on board, and easily convinced them that it was their duty, as they valued their own lives, to set him adrift again. He then went below, called Lester on deck, and at once set him adrift in a well-provisioned boat, notwithstanding the wretched man's piteous appeals for mercy. The "Cyclone" then sailed on, and Lester's boat was soon lost sight of in the darkness. A short time afterward the storm broke furiously, and Captain Sales rubbed his hands as he thought of the certain fate of the poor waif whom he had so recently exposed to its power.

But the storm was of short duration; Lester's boat outrode it, and the next day he succeeded in reaching the Cloud Islands. His fame as an image carver had preceded him; and the chief of the Cloud Islands, who was named Lanoti, at once compelled him to go to work on an idol, informing him that he should spend the remainder of his life in that odious service. The unhappy man was driven to despair by this terrible announcement. He toiled day after day, and night after night he planned to escape. But all his plannings were in vain, as he was heavily ironed and closely guarded at night. But, finally, after months of disappointment, when the attention of his guards was attracted elsewhere by the ceremonies of a feast, he succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and getting rid of his irons he escaped from the guard-house, and dashed wildly through the sheltering obscurity of a thick forest, which he reached in safety; but not before his flight had been discovered, and scores of the islanders had started in pursuit of him.

An overruling Providence had so ordered it that, a short time before Lester's escape, Ally Bell had been left by Captain Hiley on an uninhabited island, within sight of the group on which Lester then was. Ally had been drugged by Captain Hiley, and while in a deep sleep had been left on the island, with his chest, a basket of provisions, and a full set of tools.

The boy, on awaking, and finding himself thus leftalone in the vast Pacific Ocean, was crushed by a sense of his calamity. But he was a brave boy, and he soon rallied, and set at work to make the best of his case. He built himself a hut, and, having a lot of fireworks in his chest, he arranged them so that he could play them off with effect in case any savages from the neighboring islands should come to molest him. His knowledge of chemistry and of fireworks, and his skill as a ventriloquist, was so great that he had acquired the title of "The Boy Magician," which title he determined to make good in case any savage visitors should attempt to work him mischief. He had been in his new home but a few days when he saw a fleet of canoes and sail-boats approaching his island; and, hastily getting his fireworks in perfect order, he calmly awaited the arrival of the painted barbarians, whom he could already distinguish eagerly gazing at his cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOST FIENDISH PLOT OF ALL.

The summer slipped away, and September was drawing to its close.

One morning late in the month, Colonel Nichols sat in his office, idly drumming on his desk with his fingers, an expression of satisfaction on his features.

He had been persecuting Mrs. Lester with his attentions, which she had disdainfully repulsed. He had also conceived a vehement desire to avenge himself on her daughter, Amy; who, believing that Ally had been sent off by Colonel Nichols, had been a constant thorn in his side for months.

"Well," he muttered, with a long-drawn breath, "I finished closing up my affairs yesterday. What is to be my next move? I can leave Norfolk at any time. It might not be a bad idea to take Mrs. Lester and Amy to my Cape Henry house. People begin to look coldly on me here, and they look on Mrs. Lester as an injured saint!"

He frowned darkly, as if unpleasant memories were recurring to him.

At this moment there sounded a heavy, uneven tread in the outer office. The clerks had all been discharged within the month, and there was no business doing. Nichols, therefore, did not stir from his seat, nor trouble himself to inquire the business of the intruder.

The heavy tread approached the inner office, the door was opened, and a man looked in.

Nichols saw him, and sprang to his feet in astonishment.

"Captain Sales!" he ejaculated. "It can't be possible! Come in! Come right in!"

The man entered, closing the door behind him.

It was indeed Captain Sales, of the ship "Cyclone"—the same man who had so inhumanly set David Lester adrift in the South Pacific, in the very teeth, as he had supposed, of a terrific tempest!"

The two men—fitting companions—shook hands heartily.

"When did you arrive, Captain?" demanded Nichols, proffering a chair. This *is* a surprise! I wasn't expecting you this month!"

"I suppose not," said Sales, seating himself. "I ran into the Roads this very morning, and cast anchor not an hour ago. I concluded you didn't see me, since you didn't come off. We had a gale all the way home that blew us right along. Never made a better voyage out and in."

Nichols went to a closet cupboard, and brought out a bottle of brandy and a tumbler.

"Have a drink," he said, filling the glass. "How about your trading business? Seems to me you didn't stay long enough to do well."

"Well, I haven't done so well as usual, Colonel, that's a fact," replied Sales, between swallows of the liquor. "But I've got something of more importance to you than a thousand dollars, more or less, Colonel."

"And what is that?" demanded Nichols.

Sales tossed off the remainder of the brandy, and set the glass down heavily, as he responded:

"It's a piece of news that will come hard to you, Colonel. David Lester is alive."

"*Alive!*"

Nichols reeled as if a bullet had entered his heart. His complexion turned livid.

"Alive!" he repeated, in a shrill, cutting whisper. "He has come back? He is in Norfolk?"

He looked around him wildly, as if seeking an avenue of escape.

"No, Colonel, he is not here. He boarded us just after a calm in the South Pacific. I saw him face to face, heard him tell how the vessel he went out in had been lost in a cyclone, and how he alone remained alive to tell the tale."

"And you brought him back?" cried Nichols, in that shrill, incisive whisper, putting his livid, scared face close to that of Sales, and fairly startling the latter by the glance of evil meaning that shot from his bloodshot eyes. "You let him live—you, who will lose by his life and gain by his death?"

A regretful expression crossed the face of Captain Sales.

"If I did, I didn't mean to!" he exclaimed. "The fact is, Colonel, I meant to dispose of him in the quickest manner. I thought there was a big storm coming, so I set him adrift in an open boat. The storm blew over, and Lester, I am sure, made for the nearest islands. He was in a frail boat, the poorest of the lot, and I allowed him only a small allowance of provisions."

"Then he may be alive now on one of those Pacific islands!" ejaculated Nichols

"And he may be picked up by a vessel at any time, and come back to ruin me. I was sure he was dead. Tell me his story, as he told it to you."

Sales complied with the order, while Col. Nichols paced the floor with hurried steps.

"Yes, he must have gone back to the island he escaped from, or to some neighboring island," cried Nichols, when his confederate had concluded. "What a cursed fatality seems to pursue me! Sales, Lester is liable to come back, as I said before, at any time. His return would be my ruin. I tell you," he added, excitedly, "I have done things for which he could send me to the state prison. I should have to fly with the officers of justice on my track; and I should never dare return to claim my nephew's fortune. Sales, Lester must not come back! He shall not come back!"

"And how are you going to prevent it?" asked Sales. "No doubt he went back to the Land in the Sea, and was set to idol-carving again; but he may escape again, or a friendly ship may rescue him, or some chance set him free—"

"But there shall not!" interrupted Nichols, with increasing agitation. "Is the "Cyclone" seaworthy?"

"Yes, Colonel. She's in splendid order. Could be got to sea at an hour's notice, if she were provisioned."

"Provision her at once. See to everything. She must be off within twenty-four hours. I am going in search of David Lester."

"What! to rescue him?"

"No!" hissed Nichols; "to destroy him!"

He continued his walk with increasing violence.

"And I will not go alone; Margaret Lester and her daughter shall go with me! If I succeed, and Lester perishes, his wife shall become mine. If I fail," and his eyes gleamed luridly, "and I arrive out there to find that he has been rescued, I shall hold his wife and child as hostages, and demand my safety as the price of their freedom."

"I'm in with you, Colonel," said Sales, admiringly. "And, what is more, I can keep every one of the crew by being a little liberal with them."

"Then go to work immediately. Set the men to unloading. Provision the ship, and be sure to provide wine and dainty stores for the woman and girl. I will send aboard furniture for three state-rooms, and one of my servants to set them in order. The servant will accompany us, to cook for and wait on the ladies. You understand?"

"Yes; but how are we to get the ladies aboard?"

"They must be taken aboard to-night, and we must slip out of the Roads in the darkness that comes before daylight. You and I will go up

Farm and Garden.

FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE.

Few will question the truth of the following plain rules, which we have observed quoted in one of our agricultural exchanges. They are practical and worthy of remembrance:

1st. All land on which clover or the grasses are grown must either have lime in them naturally, or it must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone lime, oyster-shell lime, or marl.

2d. All *permanent* improvement of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3d. Lands which have been long in culture will be benefited by applications in the form of bone-dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, composts of fish, ashes, or in oyster-shell lime or marl, if the land needs liming also.

4th. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of *rotation*.

5th. Mould is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composts rich in the elements of mould.

6th. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value and their benefit prolonged by admixture with plaster or pulverized charcoal.

7th. *Deep ploughing* and subsoiling greatly improve the productive powers of a variety of soil that is not wet.

8th. All wet land should be drained.

9th. All grain crops should be harvested several days before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

10th. Clover, as well as other grasses intended for hay, should be mown when in bloom.

11th. Sandy lands can be most effectually improved by clay. If such lands require liming, it is done best by a compost of lime and clay. In slacking lime salt brine is better than water.

12th. The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock effects a saving of at least 25 per cent.

13th. The drawing of wet lands adds to their value by making them produce more and better crops, by producing them earlier, and by improving the health of the neighborhood.

14th. To manure or lime wet lands is to throw away manure, and labor away.

15th. Shallow ploughing operates to impoverish the soil, while decreasing production.

16th. By stabling and shedding stock during the winter a saving of one-fourth of the food consumed. That is, one-fourth less food is required than if they were exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

17th. A load of plaster per acre, sown broadcast over clover, will add from 50 to 100 per cent. to its produce.

18th. The periodical application of ashes is found to keep up the integrity of the soil, supplying most if not all of the inorganic substances.

19th. Thorough preparation of land is absolutely necessary to the successful and luxuriant growth of crops.

20th. Abundant crops cannot be grown upon the same land in succession unless fertilizing matter is returned to it in equivalent proportions to those substances taken away.

PLANTING BULBS.

As this is the season of the year when the ladies and children are beginning to plant their bulbs for early blooming next spring, we call attention to the excellent directions which Mr. Vick prescribes, to be observed by those who desire to have success:

"The treatment of bulbs is so simple and the gratification so satisfactory that it seems exceeding strange that they are not far more generally cultivated. Any fair garden soil will grow bulbs well; but it must be well drained, so that the water will not lie on the surface for any length of time, or the bulbs will be likely to rot. If the soil is poor, enrich it with well-rotted stable manure, or with surface-earth from the woods. Cow manure is excellent for bulbs. Manure should be mixed thoroughly with the soil; and, if the ground is stiff and the manure fresh, it is well to put a little sand around each bulb at planting.

"The soil for bulbs should be dug deep; and if stiff from too much clay an addition of leaf-mold scraped from the woods or a liberal dressing of sand will be of great benefit. A free use of cow manure and sand will always produce good flowers. The most important point of all, however, is thorough drainage; and, if this is not neglected, success is almost certain. After planting, and before winter sets in, cover the beds with a good dressing of leaves—say five or six inches in depth, or more. Over this throw a little brush or boards, to prevent blowing off. If the leaves cannot be obtained readily, coarse manure will answer. In the spring, as soon as hard frosts are over, take off the covering. Nothing more is required except to destroy the weeds as fast as they appear."

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Every farmer should have a shop fitted up with such tools as are used by the carpenter, joiner, machinist, and blacksmith, or with those that would be valuable in making repairs. Above all, a foot-lathe is very desirable. A good foot-lathe costs from sixty to one hundred dollars; and the money is well expended in the purchase. Articles of use and ornament, made of wood, ivory, and metal, may be turned by the foot-lathe convenient for use in the house or on the farm. The practice on the lathe is one of the most fascinating pastimes for a stormy day or an unemployed evening. Apart from its use in making and repairing, it is a pleasant companion for the business-haunted and brain-weary. One who adopts it as a companion of his leisure hours will soon become an adept; and the more he uses and becomes acquainted with it the better he will like it. He will be surprised at the number and elegance of the little articles of use and ornament he can produce from the rough material, and at the pleasure that the practice of a mechanical art can afford.

A correspondent of the *Philosophical Magazine* says: "From experiments which I have made I find that, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, and infused in a tea-pot, the leaves of the vine form an excellent substitute for tea. I have also found that, on being cut small, bruised, and put into a vat or mashed tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the same way as is done with malt, the prunings of the vine produce liquor of a fine vinous quality, which, on being fermented, makes a very fine beverage, either strong or weak, as you please, and, on being distilled, produces an excellent spirit of the nature of brandy. In the course of my experience I found that the fermented liquor from the prunings, particularly the tendrils, when allowed to pass the vinous and to run into the acetous fermentation, makes uncommonly fine vinegar."

An Arabian Laughing Plant.—"For the first time," says Palgrave, the traveler, "I met with a narcotic plant, very common further south, and gifted with curious qualities. Its seeds, in which the deleterious principle seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing-gas. The patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awaking has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual is not an uncommon joke."

Outbuildings of all kinds that have become dilapidated through time or by exposure to storms may become objects of beauty by training wild vines, such as woodbine, wild grape, or forest ivy, upon them. These vines spread very rapidly from their lateral branches, or will increase to an astonishing extent by means of cuttings or by layering. The picturesque beauty of many of the rural villages in Europe is almost entirely owing to the vines that overspread the dwellings. Some of the more hardy grapes may be grown with profit over low buildings, and at the same time they will give a pleasant appearance to that which before disfigured the premises.

The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* describes the following simple method of preventing the ravages of the borer: "Previous to the first of June we wound around the bottom of each tree some rags to the height of six or eight in ches, taking pains to prevent any access to the tree beneath the rags. The operation was a very simple one and performed in less time than it took to survey the trees. Not a tree was touched by the borer last year, except in one instance, where we found a deposit above the bandage."

Dr. Nichols, the editor of the *Journal of Chemistry*, says that he had one acre of grass, red top and clover, that was cut June 19, and the hay stored by itself. On the first of last March he put his herd of ten cows upon it, and the immediate increase in the flow of milk amounted to ten quarts per day. The hay fed them before was of the same variety, but cut after the middle of July. The early-cut hay "spent" fully as well as the latter cut, no more of it was consumed, and Dr. Nichols estimates that the money value of the product from this hay, fed to ten cows, was greater by near a dollar a day than that from the other.

The *Farmer's Home Journal*, in speaking of the waste in harvesting grain, suggests that farmers try a simple experiment to ascertain how much this waste is. Select a fair average part of the field after the grain is shocked; measure a spot 21 feet square, which is nearly exactly one-hundredth part of an acre, and pick up all the heads on the spot, shell these out, weigh the grain, multiply the weight in pounds by 100 and divide by 60, and the result will be the number of bushels per acre.

The *American Agriculturalist* cautions its readers against overwork in haying and harvest. What it says about the boys is especially worthy of being heeded. "Do not crowd the boys. They should be quick and steady at light work, but we have seen so many fine boys of 16 or 18 twisted out of shape for life by working themselves too hard during haying and harvest that we cannot forbear warning both farmers and their sons against too hard straining labor."

A writer in the *Rural Messenger* says as good a crop of corn as ever he saw was saved by the persistent use of the hoe between showers, in a season as wet as this has been. All the boys that could be hired in the neighborhood were employed in hoeing the corn and keeping the hills clear of weeds. The neighbors who let their corn alone until their ground got dry had scarcely any corn.

No remedy for black knot on plum and cherry trees has been yet discovered, except the vigorous use of the knife. If the excrescence appears on a large limb cut it out, if on a small one cut it off; but on no account let it remain, however unmerciful the required amputation may seem to be.

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2,088	Philip J. Price	Cleveland, O.	5,000	375 10	1,031 10	656	656	15	656	375 10	5,000
2,084	Nelson Pomeroy	Racine, Wis.	5,000	417 80	1,042 70	625	625	16	625	417 80	5,000
2,075	Daniel S. Whitmore	New York.	1,000	77 70	193 50	116	116	16	116	77 70	1,000
2,087	Wm. H. Appleton	Dorchester, Mass.	5,000	375 10	1,031 10	656	656	15	656	375 10	5,000
2,077	Thomas M. Taylor	New York.	10,000	1,000	2,062 50	1,250	1,250	16	1,250	1,000	10,000
2,086	J. P. Robbins	Columbus, Pa.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,085	Wm. G. Lewis	Lyon, Mass.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,076	Charles Pelouze	Flushing, N. Y.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,074	Russell Duke, Jr.	Port Wayne, Ind.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,073	Dennis Dunne	Chicago, Ill.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,072	Wm. H. Hoffman	Muskegon, Mich.	2,000	150	412 50	250	250	16	250	150	2,000
2,071	Francis Jones, Jr.	New York.	1,000	75	206 25	125	125	16	125	75	1,000

Examine the "Tontine-Dividend" System of the Equitable.

Dividends Three Times as Large

AS HAVE HITHERTO BEEN DECLARED BY ANY COMPANY.

ECLECTIC

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE 187 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK CITY.

MERRITT H. SMITH, President.
R. H. ASKENBURGH, Vice-President.
G. de MACARTY, Secretary.
ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Actuary.
R. S. NEWTON, M.D., Medical Director.
F. L. B. SATTERLEE, M.D., Medical Examiner.

This is the only ECLECTIC COMPANY in the world. Insurances granted on all known methods and made

INTERCHANGEABLE,

at the option of the assured, without surrender or loss.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS

PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.
Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances

CANCELED BY DIVIDENDS.

STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.
Dividends declared on the Contribution Plan.

THIRTY DAYS' GRACE, on application, for payment of premiums.

NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon.

PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.

The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 25, Premium $20 38. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance.

When 24 payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.
" 25 " " "	2 years	12 "
" 26th " " "	3 "	27 "
" 27th " " "	4 "	48 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.

No extra rates for assurance of Women, or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.

All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.

NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.

GUARDIAN

Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 251 Broadway.

Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.

If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue ANNUALLY thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.

Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.

NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.

In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. John A. Dix.....New York.
Hon. James Harper.....Firm: Harper & Bros.
Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
John J. Crane.....President Bank Republic.
William T. Hooker.....Wall Street.
William M. Vermilye.....Banker, [Vermilye & Co.]
Charles G. Rockwood.....Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. George Opdyke.....Ex-Mayor of New York.
Minot C. Morgan.....Banker.
Thomas Rigney.....Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
Benj. E. Sherman.....Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
Aaron Arnold.....Firm: Arnold, Constable & Co.
Rich'd H. Bowne.....Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. Haughwout.....Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
William Wilkens.....Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
Julius H. Pratt.....Merchant.
William W. Wright.....Merchant.
Charles J. Starr.....Merchant.
William Allen.....Merchant.
Geo. W. Cutler.....Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
Geo. T. Hope.....Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
John H. Sherwood.....Park Place.
Walton H. Peckham.....Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
Edward H. Wright.....Newark, N. J.
George W. Farlee.....Counselor.
William L. Cogswell.....Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.

WILLIAM T. HOOKER, *Vice-President.* LUCIUS McADAM, *Actuary & Secretary.*

W. E. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

HOME

Insurance Company

Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00

Assets July 1, 1869 - - 4,243,234 53
Liabilities - - - - - - 75,489 35

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

HOME

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

MUTUAL.

254 BROADWAY, New York.

Assets, $2,000,000. Assured Members, 10,000.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *President.* I. H. FROTHINGHAM, *Treasurer.*
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, *Secretary.* WILLIAM J. COFFIN, *Actuary.*

AGENTS WANTED

COLUMBIA FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

NEW YORK.

Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000 00
SURPLUS.....125,879 76
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867....$325,879 76

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
ED. R. SATTERLEE, Assistant Secretary.

THE ANCHOR

LIFE INSURANCE Co.

OFFICE 178 BROADWAY, N. Y.

This company offers liberal terms to both Insurers and Agents.

J. B. CHURCH, Jr., Sec'y. EDMUND C. FISHER, Pres't.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INS. CO.,

NEW YORK CITY.

THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WILLIAM WALKER, President.
HENRY J. FURBER, Vice-President.
JOHN H. NEWLEY, Secretary.
Edward W. Lambert, M.D., Medical Examiner

WASHINGTON

Life Insurance Company,

155 Broadway, New York.

Cash Assets, - $1,600,000.00.

CYRUS CURTISS, - President.
W. A. BREWER JR., Vice-Pres't and Actuary. WILLIAM HAXTUN Secretary

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to incur loss, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1869.

CASH CAPITAL.....$500,000 00
SURPLUS.....1,512,622 50
CASH ASSETS.....$2,012,622 50

THE

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1857, '58, '59, '60, '61, and '62, are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice President.

A. A. LOW.....A. A. Low & Brothers.
John D. Mains.....David Dows & Co.
S. B. Chittenden.....S. B. Chittenden & Co.
Loring Andrews.....Loring Andrews & Sons
Carlos Cobb.....
Wm. T. Coleman.....Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
Wm. H. Swan.....Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
William T. Booth.....Booth & Edgar.
Chas. M. Connolly.....Connolly & Co.
William F. Brady.....
George W. Lane.....Geo. W. Lane & Co.
Chas. Cobey Tabor.....C. C. & H. M. Tabor.
Samuel D. Babcock.....Babcock, Brothers & Co.
Henry C. Bowen.....Henry C. Bowen.
Augustus B. Hull.....Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
James Fraser.....Fraser, Major & Co.
William M. Vail.....
Hiram Barney.....Barney, Butler & Parsons.
Lawrence Turner.....Moses Taylor & Co.
Sheppard Gandy.....Sheppard Gandy.
George Griswold.....N. L. & G. Griswold.
Samuel A. Sawyer.....Sawyer, Wallace Co.
Cyrus Curtiss.....President Washington Life Ins. Co.
William D. Morgan.....E. E. Morgan & Son.
Wm. A. Butler.....
Uriel A. Murdock.....President Continental Bank.
D. H. Arnold.....President of Mercantile Bank.
Charles Lanson.....C. H. Marshall & Co.
L. H. Bingham.....Late Brigham & Parsons.
Wellington Clapp.....Late Clapp & Kent.
Bradish Johnson.....Johnson & Lazarus.
John Caswell.....John Caswell & Co.
Henry F. Spaulding.....Spaulding, Hunt & Co.
John Paine.....
Joseph Battell.....Edgeton, Battell & Co.
Robert H. McCurdy.....late McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
George S. Stephenson.....George S. Stephenson & Co.
George Moore.....E. Pavenstedt & Co.
Wm. M. Richards.....Richards & Colburn.
John H. Earle.....Earl & Cunningham.
Henry Eyre.....
Charles H. Booth.....Charles H. Booth & Co.
Edward Martin.....Martin & Co.
Black & Clafflin.....B. Clafflin & Co.
CYRUS PECK Secretary.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.

NEW YORK, January 28th, 1869.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1868.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1868, to 31st Dec., 1868.....$6,782,069 83
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1868.....2,563,092 39
Total amount of Marine Premiums.....$9,345,162 22

No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868.....$6,317,070 89
Losses paid during the same period.....$2,981,089 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses.....$1,380,230 61

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:
United States and State of New York Stock, City, State and other Stocks.....$7,587,425 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise.....2,314,100 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages.....1,000,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at.....200,000 00
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable.....2,483,367 38
Cash in Bank.....493,346 82
Total Amount of Assets.....$13,990,881 20

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the second of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of April next.

By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

JOHN D. JONES,
CHARLES DENNIS,
W. H. H. MOORE,
HENRY COIT,
WM. C. PICKERSGILL,
LEWIS CURTIS,
CHARLES H. RUSSELL,
LOWELL HOLBROOK,
R. WARREN WESTON,
ROYAL PHELPS,
CALEB BARSTOW,
A. P. PILLOT,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,
ROBT. C. FERGUSSON,
DAVID LANE,
JAMES SEYMOUR,
FRANCIS SKIDDY,
DANIEL S. MILLER,
WM. STURGIS,
CHAS. P. BURDETT.
HENRY K. BOGERT,
DENNIS PERKINS,
JOSEPH GAILLARD, JR.
C. A. HAND,
B. J. HOWLAND,
BENJ. BABCOCK,
ROBT. B. MINTURN, Jr.,
GORDON W. BURNHAM,
FREDERICK CHAUNCEY,
JAMES LOW,
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON,
WILLIAM H. WEBB,
PAUL SPOFFORD,
SHEPPARD GANDY,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
SAMUEL G. WARD,
WILLIAM E. BUNKER,
SAMUEL L. MITCHILL,
JAMES G. DE FOREST,
JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-President.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-President.

MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

No Experiment, but an Established Institution!

Organized A. D. 1850.

HENRY STOKES, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE Vice-President.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

A business of nineteen years, characterized by prudence and economy, and the utmost care in the selection of risks, has placed this in a condition inferior to that of no other Company, and superior to the majority. The true standard by which to judge of a Company's strength is not the AMOUNT of its assets, but the RATIO OF ITS ASSETS TO ITS LIABILITIES.

We refer with pride and confidence to the following figures of the MAHATTAN as shown by official statements of New York and Massachusetts.

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1869.....$5,239,241.
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES.....$1,664,316.
RATIO of Assets to Liabilities, 132. Liabilities, RATIO of EXPENSE to RECEIPTS.....13.38.

THE INTEREST RECEIVED FROM ITS INVESTMENTS MORE THAN PAYS ITS EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

The Dividends declared by the MAHATTAN are PROGRESSIVE and increase with the age of the Policy

The Company is paying some Sixty per cent. dividends this year. It offers the largest Returns ever given by any Company in so short a time.

All Limited Payment and Endowment Policies are non-forfeitable after ONE PAYMENT. For instance, if payments cease on Ten-year plan, paid-up Policies are issued for one-tenth of original Policy for each payment made, without equivocation or subterfuge.

We respectfully ask the attention of Insurers to the advantages offered by our Company.

GENERAL AGENTS.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H. for Maine and New Hampshire.
EVERETT & PEIRCE, Boston, Massachusetts, for Eastern Massachusetts.
O. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, for Northern New York.
R. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, for Western New York.
J. B. CARR, Philadelphia, Pa., for Philadelphia and Delaware.
J. ADAIR PLEASANTS, Richmond, Va., for Virginia, North and South Carolina, etc.
LEWIS, SMYTH & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, for Ohio and Kentucky.
GEO. N. REYNOLDS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for Wisconsin.
LANDERS & CO., San Francisco, for the Pacific Coast.
W. NISBET & CO., St. Louis, for Missouri.

THE EXCELSIOR

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

63 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Policy Holders Participate in Profits.

POLICIES NON-FORFEITING and Convertible into Annuities.

SAMUEL T. HOWARD, President. F. A. PLATT, Vice-President.
SIDNEY WARD, Secretary. CHAS. N. MORGAN, Actuary.
ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, Counsel. EDMUND FOWLER, M.D., Medical Examiner

SECURITY

Life Insurance

AND

ANNUITY COMPANY,

31 and 33 Pine Street,

NEW YORK.

OFFICERS:

ROBERT L. CASE, President.
THEO. R. WETMORE, Vice-Pres't.
ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

EDWARD HAIGHT,
EDWARD WOOD,
CHARLES R. SWORDS,
JOHN F. LINDERHILL,
ROBT. LINDLEY MURRAY,
FRANCIS T. WALKER,
WILLIAM HUBBARD,
JOHN H. DRAKE,
JOSEPH F. KNAPP,
JAMES M. DRAKE,
JAMES BRETT,
FRANCIS PAYSON,
AUGUSTUS TABER,
JOHN W. GRAYDON,
ISAAC N. RUSHMORE, Brooklyn, L. I.
NATH. B. WEED, Darien, Ct.,
WM. H. WILLIS, New Hamburgh, N. Y.,
GEORGE INNIS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
ROBERT ROWLAND,
CHARLES T. GOODWIN,
SIDNEY WINTHROP,
EDWARD MARSHALL,
ROBERT L. CASE,
THEODORE R. WETMORE,
ISAAC H. ALLEN,
J. NELSON TAPPAN,
EDMUND TITUS,
CHARLES DENSLOWS,
REUBEN B. UNDERHILL,
JOHN T. WILLETS,
A. R. WETMORE,
ROBERT B. HOWLAND,
SANDFORD R. KNAPP, Peekskill, N. Y.
JAMES BIGLER, Newburgh, N. Y.,
DAVID MOORE,
EDWARD C. JONES, New Bedford, Mass.

No Restriction on Travel, except in the Tropics.

Policies Incontestable after Three Annual Payments, except in case of Fraud.

This Company offers as great inducements to those PAYING THEIR PREMIUMS ALL

IN CASH

as any in the country at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.

ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by Table the Annexed:

Years.	Assets.	Income.	New Policies.
1863.....	1,000	1,000	1
1864.....	1,000	1,000	1
1865.....	1,000	1,000	1
1866.....	1,000	1,000	1
1867.....	1,000	1,000	1
1868.....	1,000	1,000	1
1869.....	1,000	1,000	1
1863.....	3,235	1,235	2
1864.....	6,470	2,470	2
1865.....	9,705	3,705	2
1866.....	12,940	4,940	2
1867.....	16,175	6,175	2
1868.....	19,410	7,410	2
1869.....	22,645	8,645	2
1863.....	5,588	2,588	3
1864.....	11,176	5,176	3
1865.....	16,764	7,764	3
1866.....	22,352	10,352	3
1867.....	27,940	12,940	3
1868.....	33,528	15,528	3
1869.....	39,116	18,116	3
1863.....	8,941	3,941	4
1864.....	17,882	7,882	4
1865.....	26,823	11,823	4
1866.....	35,764	15,764	4
1867.....	44,705	19,705	4
1868.....	53,646	23,646	4
1869.....	62,587	27,587	4
1863.....	12,294	5,294	5
1864.....	24,588	10,588	5
1865.....	36,882	15,882	5
1866.....	49,176	21,176	5
1867.....	61,470	26,470	5
1868.....	73,764	31,764	5
1869.....	86,058	37,058	5
1863.....	16,470	6,470	6
1864.....	32,940	12,940	6
1865.....	49,410	19,410	6
1866.....	65,880	25,880	6
1867.....	82,350	32,350	6
1868.....	98,820	38,820	6
1869.....	115,290	45,290	6
1863.....	21,176	8,176	7
1864.....	42,352	16,352	7
1865.....	63,528	24,528	7
1866.....	84,704	32,704	7
1867.....	105,880	40,880	7
1868.....	127,056	49,056	7
1869.....	148,232	57,232	7
1863.....	26,470	10,470	8
1864.....	52,940	20,940	8
1865.....	79,410	30,410	8
1866.....	105,880	40,880	8
1867.....	132,350	50,350	8
1868.....	158,820	60,820	8
1869.....	185

CORHAM Mfg Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STERLING SILVER WARE

AND

Fine Electro-Plated WARE.

This Company, having the most extensive and complete Silver Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modeling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the Trade only; but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

Trade Mark for Sterling. Trade Mark for Electro-Plate. CORHAM MFG CO

The Corham Ware

May be Obtained from

ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,

No. 20 John Street, New York.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great Variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application. ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,

No. 20 John street, New York.

SQUIRE & LANDER,

No. 97 Fulton st., New York, is the best place to buy reliable WATCHES, fine DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE. *Diamonds a specialty.*

REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED 1824,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST QUALITY OF

Silver-plated Goods,

Spoons and Forks, and Table Ware of every description, elegant in design and finish,

would call especial attention to our

Patent Seamless & Glass-Lined ICE PITCHERS,

made with MOVABLE LININGS, which have been tested and highly recommended by Prof. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts.

Our goods are sold by the principal dealers in the United States, with our guaranty that they are made of the best quality of metal and heavily plated with pure Silver.

The Highest Prize for Silver-Plated Goods was awarded to REED & BARTON by the American Institute, New York, in 1868.

Office and Show Rooms at the Factory, TAUNTON, Mass., and No. 2 MAIDEN LANE, New York.

"PERFECTION" Coffee Pot.

Patented June 1st, 1869.

Receipe to any pot inverted, combining all the advantages of the French patents, with wonderful

SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, and CHEAPNESS.

Lovers of GOOD COFFEE are unanimous in its praise.

☞ FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. ☜

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

Wallingford, Conn.

SAMPLE AND SALESROOM,

No. 19 John Street N. Y.

USE

JEWELL BROTHERS'

CELEBRATED

LEAVENING FLOUR.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS

EARTH CLOSET

EARTHCLOSETS

NEW YORK: 597 BROADWAY. PHILADELPHIA: 53 MARKET ST. BOSTON: 19 COURT ST.

WILCOX SILVER PLATE CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FINEST QUALITY OF ELECTRO-PLATE FOR THE USE OF

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, PRIVATE FAMILIES, CHURCHES,

AND FOR WEDDING AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS. In addition to their usual line of goods invite attention to their

PATENT PORCELAIN-LINED ICE-PITCHERS.
PORCELAIN-LINED BAKING-DISHES, with SILVER-PLATED RECEIVERS.
GROCERY BAKING-DISHES, with SILVER-PLATED RECEIVERS.
GLASS-LINED DESSERT SETS, Etc., Etc.

The quality of all goods bearing their TRADE MARK is guaranteed.

Factories at WEST MERIDEN, CONN. Salesroom, 21 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

THE

Union Spring Hinge

FOR DOORS AND GATES.

"The most effective and best Hinge we have used."

UNION FERRY COMPANY, Brooklyn.

Address THE UNION SPRING HINGE COMPANY, 79 Chambers street, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

OTIS

SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO.
No. 309 Broadway, New York.

REYNOLDS' TURBINE WATER-WHEELS.

No Complex, Duplex, or Triplex complications. All such are costly, perishable, easily clogged, inaccessible.

Mill Gearing, Shafting, and Pulleys. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

GEORGE TALLCOT,
949 Liberty st., N. Y.

THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,

CORNER OF BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Plain and Ornamental Iron-works of all kinds for Buildings.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST

on the bonds of the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington and Pekin Railroad of Illinois, which will be paid in gold, Oct. 1st, will be equivalent to a reduction in the price (95 and accrued interest in currency) of over one per cent. TURNER BROTHERS, Bankers,
No. 14 Nassau street.

WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE BEST.

Financial & Commercial.

THE BANKS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

The normal customers of banks—those on whom they should chiefly rely, and to whom be most ready to extend bank accommodations—are *business men*, engaged in conducting the trade and commerce of the country. The claims of this class are both primary and practical; and hence they ought to have the precedence, and always will when banking performs its proper functions. Even if they are not the most profitable borrowers, still they are the most numerous, their wants are the most urgent, and, moreover, their business is just that which the public good demands.

The banks of New York have been in the habit of extending such large loans to stock and gold operators as seriously to cripple their accommodations to the mercantile community. Speculators have been able to borrow money on "call loans," when merchants could not for twenty, thirty, or sixty days. Dealing with the former class, the banks turn their capital more frequently than if dealing with the latter, and at the same time make larger rates of interest. They have far too much yielded to this motive; and hence they have furnished facilities for stock and gold speculation at the expense of the general interests of trade. Out of this fact has grown the enormous monetary power of the purely *speculating* class, as compared with the mercantile, enabling them to do almost anything they have been pleased to do with the money market. Certain cliques of rich operators, having free access to the banks, with credit to almost any amount and ample collateral securities on which to base "call loans," have held the loanable funds of Wall Street very much under their own control. Whether money should be tight or easy, the price of stocks and gold high or low, interest at dear or cheap rates, are questions which have largely depended upon their policy.

Such a state of things in Wall Street has been anything but favorable to the general interests of credit among business men. It has placed a vast power in a few hands, engaged in speculative operations so immense as to be dangerous, and at times exceedingly injurious to the community. It has virtually subsidized the banks to do their bidding. Trade has been largely compelled to look elsewhere for its needed facilities. The truth is, the banks have had so much to do with and for the great speculators as to make them the practical allies of their manœuvers. If the recent explosion shall have the effect to break up this alliance, and remit banking to the discharge of its proper duties, then, at least, one good end will have been gained. It was high time that the very excesses of the evil should begin to work their own cure. Let the banks now deal more with business men, and have less to do with those who are manipulators of stocks and gold, and they will much better do the appropriate work of banking. Let them remember that credit in the form of bank accommodations to mere speculators, who are the unproductive users of capital, is "never an addition, but always a detriment, to the sources of public wealth." It takes capital from the productive class, and passes over its use to the unproductive.

THE GOLD EXCHANGE OF NEW YORK.

The proper function of gold exchange is to supply suitable facilities to those who actually need to *buy* gold for business purposes, or have it to *sell*. The purchasers are merchants who want the article to pay their import duties, and also those who must use it in the settlement of gold contracts. The sellers are the receivers of gold interest, or gold treasure from California or from foreign countries. These are chiefly the parties doing business in New York who need the convenience of a gold exchange, or a market where they can buy and sell gold. The aggregate of their transactions, under our present monetary system, would not exceed $100,000,000 in a whole year. All their necessities might be abundantly met by the gold dealers, buying and selling over their own counters. The actual gold wants of the community would then fix the price of the article under the law of supply and demand, just as its wants determine the prices of all other articles under the same law. This would remit gold exchange to the ordinary principles of trade; and, as we believe, it would be a vast improvement upon the operations of the Gold Board and the Gold Clearing House, both of which might be dispensed with to great public advantage.

This famous Gold Board is simply an organization of men meeting daily in the Gold Room, acting under certain rules for the purchase and sale of gold, having nominal transactions that range from fifty to five hundred millions of dollars per day, and in the course of a year amount to some twenty or thirty billions of dollars. The magnitude of its operations shows conclusively that its main business is not to supply a gold exchange for the people. It is simply a great *speculating* organization, making artificial prices for gold, subjecting those prices to violent fluctuations, and doing a fictitious business that has no adequate basis in the amount of capital employed or in the wants of trade. The Government does not need it, the banks do not, and the people do not need it. It is a convenient machinery for gold speculators, and to nobody else.

And the Gold Clearing House, and then the facility for this gambling speculation is entirely complete. The Clearing House virtually keeps the accounts of and settles the differences between the members of the Gold Board—daily passing the purchases of each to the *debit* side of his account and the sales to the *credit* side, and requiring a daily adjustment of the difference between the two accounts by giving or receiving checks for an equal amount. By such a system comparatively a small capital is made to do an immense business. A gold speculator may have transactions at the rate of a million of dollars per day on the basis of one thousand dollars as his capital, provided he keeps his purchases and sales so nearly balanced as not to call for the actual use of more than this sum. The Clearing House is a capital institution for banks in the settlement of their differences; but it is exceedingly objectionable as a contrivance for gold speculators. It enables them to do business in amount altogether disproportionate to their capital.

It is perhaps true that the country will not be wholly relieved from the evils of gold speculation until we resume specie payment; yet it has become a very grave question whether Congress ought not to pass a law making it a *penal* offense for any man to sell gold without the actual *delivery* of the article at the time of the transaction. Such a law would require the seller to furnish the gold, and the buyer to pay for it; and hence its tendency would be to reduce the amount of the speculation by increasing its difficulties. The country wants and must have some relief from these gambling operations in gold. The evil has already been borne quite long enough.

MORALS AMONG CLERKS.

The failure of a firm in New York, during the recent financial hurricane, mainly in consequence of being victimized to the tune of from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars by one of their clerks, who has not yet been brought to justice, is one of the instructive incidents of the hour. This said clerk, notwithstanding he was receiving a large salary, turns out to be one of those pilfering rascals who are in the habit of "cutting a swell," spending more money than they earn, and hence stealing from their employers. Perhaps the firm also were equally in the habit of paying little or no attention to the conduct and character of their clerks; and, if so, then they have been severely punished for their remissness.

If all the facts, as they exist in the city of New York, were fully told, the story would show an amount of actual stealing to pay the expenses of spendthrift clerks that would be truly alarming to business men. One, in the employment of another, who combines the graces of attending horse-races, swearing, betting, drinking, gambling, smoking, Sabbath-breaking, theater-going, visiting bad houses, extravagance in attire or family expenses, playing the game of the "fast man," and serving the Devil generally, is very sure to be living beyond his means, and about as sure to make up the deficiency by resorting to theft. Employers ought to detect these signs of depravity in their employés, and always treat them with summary dismissal, on the presumption that they are thieves even when the fact is not actually ascertained. One of the best merchants in New York remarked: "If I know that a young man in my employ is in the habit of riding out on the Sabbath day, I at once dismiss him. Such a young man cannot be trusted. Give him the opportunity, and he will steal."

We take the liberty of suggesting to such firms as Fisk & Hatch, Jay Cooke & Co., Brown, Brothers & Co., A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., and indeed to merchants and bankers generally, that this subject is worthy of their special consideration, as a matter of financial prudence not only, but also as a business duty. Being careful to take no one into their service who is not thoroughly accredited as to his character, and to retain no one who exhibits any signs of moral unsoundness, they will consult their own safety, while placing many popular yet dangerous depravities at a large business discount. When crimes have been committed against them by their employés, and the fact admits of proof, then we advise them never to *hush* the affair up, as is too often done, from sheer negligence or false sympathy. The true way to correct the evil, and cause it to be well understood that a good character is worth something in the circles of business, is to expose the culprits and bring them to prompt justice. We have the impression, founded on some observation, that the bankers and merchants of New York are not in this regard discharging the duty which they owe to themselves and equally owe to the public. Do your duty, gentlemen, in a proper effort to purify the clerk service of the city, and never fail to visit delinquencies with their timely and speedy penalty. If you want honest clerks, so administer the service as to place the strongest possible obstacles in the way of dishonesty. We believe that much might be done that is not done; and, hence, we earnestly call the attention of business men to this question.

MONEY MARKET.

The money market has been well supplied with loanable funds all the week, and rates of interest have been very easy. Seven per cent. on miscellaneous collaterals, five to six per cent. on Government securities, and on Saturday loans were made as low as 3 to 4 per cent. The bank statement on Saturday afternoon looks favorable for continued ease, though at this season of the year our banks are liable to sudden demands for currency from the South and West, and they hold about $8,000,000 less reserve than they held last year at this time, while the necessities of the country for legal-tender must be greater now than then. But our money market works in a very eccentric manner, and in contradiction to all financial rules; because it is subjected to hidden influences and secret combinations, against which all precautions are unavailable, unless by abstaining from all business transactions which require a supply of currency at legal rates of interest.

But it so happens that the very uncertainty of the money market is in itself a provocative to speculation, and the chances of a tight money market during the next month or two are not at all unfavorable to lively times in the Stock Exchange.

The banks are discounting liberally for their customers, and good business paper can be negotiated in the street at 8 to 9 per cent.

Government bonds have a falling tendency, and gold seems to have touched its lowest point for the present at 130, where the Treasury Department appears to be desirous of keeping it.

Prices of the leading speculative stocks are very sensitive, and fluctuate rapidly from two to three per cent. Nothing definite is yet known as to the extent of the damage that has been inflicted upon Lake Shore by the failure of Lockwood & Co.; but the stock is strongly held, and there seems to be a negotiation going on between its present managers and the president of New York Central. If an arrangement should be effected by these high contracting parties, Lake Shore would take a flying leap.

Rock Island is now selling ex-dividend, and it keeps up remarkably well in the face of the reduction of the semi-annual dividend from 5 to 3½ per cent. It is rumored that a pool has been formed to put Rock Island up to 125.

New York Central dropped off to 171¼ last week, but sold up to 178¾ on Monday morning, and again fell to 170¾; but, as the consolidating committee will meet on the first of November, and the terms of consolidation will soon after be published, the prices of Central and Hudson River are pretty sure to show an upward tendency for the next fortnight.

The Northwest stocks are dull and depressed from the large decrease in the earnings of the month of September, as compared with the corresponding month last year.

The earnings of the St. Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute Railroad in September show a greater percentage of gain than any of the other railroads, and the transactions in the shares are more active than for some time past; but the rates at which the two classes of the stock are selling are lower comparatively than any other stock in the market.

The complications of the Gold Exchange Bank continue in confusion. The only visible change or improvement is the appointment of a new receiver by Judge Cardozo, who substitutes Mr. Jordan for Mr. Browne.

The following table shows the changes in the New York City Banks, this week, compared with the statement of the previous week:

	Oct. 2.	*Oct. 9.*	*Dec. or Inc.*
Loans	$255,339,649	$250,740,974	Dec. $4,489,675
Specie	15,202,409	21,353,376	Inc. 6,150,967
Circulation	34,169,849	34,178,275	Inc. 9,316
Deposits	183,124,503	179,214,978	Dec. 3,9 9,525
Legal Tender	34,20 ,088	132,017,588	Dec. 2,181,500

Secretary Boutwell has ordered the sale of $150,000 gold weekly in Baltimore during this month, and $100,000 weekly during November.

Walter H. Burns has retired from the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co. and Walter Watson, late agent of the Bank of British North America, in New York, has been admitted a partner.

The Hon. J. Rose, late minister of finance for the Dominion of Canada, has been admitted a partner in the London branch of this house, in place of Walter H. Burns, who has retired. The firm there will be Morton, Rose & Co. As bankers of these firms, as at present constituted, will take rank among the best and strongest and as such we commend them to the public.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Central Pacific Railroad bids fair to prove an unusually successful and profitable enterprise. In 1865, when there were less than 50 miles constructed, it earned, over and above operating expenses, $280,000 in gold; in 1866, with less than 100 miles constructed, it earned $664,200 in gold over expenses; in 1867, with less than 150 miles constructed, it earned $1,087,000 above the operating expenses; and in 1868, with less than 350 miles in operation, the net earnings exceeded $1,457,000. This was upon local traffic exclusively, and justified the prediction that the Central Pacific would be remunerative from its way business alone. Since the completion of the through line, in May last, and the addition of business drawn from the Eastern lines, the business shows a large increase, even though the rates have been greatly reduced. The receipts for September foot up nearly $600,000 in coin, and the average of the four and a half months since the junction is upward of $560,000 per month—or at the rate of $7,000,000 per annum in coin, equal to $9,000,000 currency value. Of this amount fully 70 per cent. is found to be from local traffic, and the net earnings for the fiscal year promise to exceed $3,000,000 in gold over operating expenses. As the interest upon the company's bonded debt is only $1,000,000, their financial condition is very flattering. The First Mortgage Bonds of so important and profitable a road are obviously among the safest and best securities to be found for investments. Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, whose card appears elsewhere, are prepared to fill orders for these bonds at market rates.

TRAVELLERS INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD.

This popular corporation is steadily increasing its business in all parts of the country. It is both sound and reliable in every particular, and as such we most heartily commend it to our readers. The officers and directors are able, efficient, and liberal, fully understanding what is required to make that noble institution all that is required.

[*For Dry Goods, General Market Report, and Postscript, see 5th page.*]

SOUTHERN CENTRAL RAILROAD

OF NEW YORK

FIRST MORTGAGE

Thirty-Year Seven per Cent.

SINKING FUND BONDS,

AMOUNTING TO

$1,500,000,

Interest payable Semi-Annually, February 1 and August 1, in New York.

These Bonds are amply secured upon the Railway from New York State, near Waverley line, to Lake Ontario, at Fair Haven, a part of which is completed and the rest is under construction.

$2,000,000

has been already expended on the works. It is a First Mortgage upon the entire Road, the Rolling Stock and Franchises of this First-Class Railway, which by the 1st of January will be in

Successful Operation for 70 Miles.

That Section from Genoa to Auburn is one of the richest Farming Districts in Western New York.

In addition to this, the Bonds are also secured by a

SINKING FUND

of 1 per cent. per annum from the net earnings of the Road, to be paid by the hands of Trustees for accumulation and for the liquidation of the debt thus created.

The avails of the Bonds now offered for sale will be devoted to the completion of the Road from Genoa to the State Line, to the completion of the Road from Auburn north to Lake Ontario, to the erection of necessary buildings, and to the purchase of additional Rolling Stock for the proper equipment of the Road.

The Avails of the Bonds will be Ample to Complete and Thoroughly Equip the Entire Line.

THE BONDS HAVE

THIRTY YEARS TO RUN,

From August 1st 1869, and will pay

Seven Per Cent.

Semi-Annually, on February 1st and August 1st.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THE LOAN HAVE ALREADY BEEN NEGOTIATED.

The undersigned now offer the balance of

$1,100,000

at 87½ and Accrued Interest.

At their present price they will pay nearly NINE PER CENT.

Pamphlets and Maps, giving full information, will be sent on application.

Vermilye & Co.,

BANKERS,

16 & 18 Nassau Street, New York

OFFICE OF MORTON, BLISS & CO., }
New York, October 1st, 1869. }

MR. WALTER H. BURNS RETIRES this day from our New York and London firms.

MORTON, BLISS & CO.

MR. WALTER WATSON (LATE Agent for the Bank of British North America, New York) is this day admitted a partner in our firm.

MORTON, BLISS & CO.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1869.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE BANK, }
London, October 1st, 1869. }

THE HON. JOHN ROSE (LATE Minister of Finance for the Dominion of Canada) joins our firm this day, which will be continued under the style of MORTON, ROSE & CO.

J. P. MORTON, BURNS & CO.

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Call attention to their stock of

LADIES' FRENCH and AMERICAN HATS and BONNETS,

comprising the following popular styles:

MARIO, DE JARNAC, CHARLES IX., FERRARO, LIGUERS, VINON, CHAPEAU DE MARINE for CHILDREN, and HIGGINS, CAP, VERY ATTRACTIVE, at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

FRENCH FEATHERS, FLOWERS, and RIBBONS, in choice variety.

MARABOUT, BIRDS OF PARADISE, PHEASANT, and OSTRICH FEATHERS, BEAUTIFULLY SHADED.

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New York and Oswego Midland Railroad,

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Issue limited to $20,000 per mile of road actually built and in running order.

The road is in course of thorough and rapid construction; 130 miles will be completed by the 1st of November next, and the entire line, it is believed, by the end of the ensuing year.

The admirable selection of the route for commanding both local and through business cannot fail to make it one of the best paying railroads in the country.

These choice securities are meeting with rapid sale at par and accrued interest in currency, at which price they are still offered.

For further particulars apply to

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HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.—DISORDERS OF THE BOWELS. THE BITTERS AS A REGULATING MEDICINE. The excretory organs are safety-valves of the system. Through the bowels, the pores, and the kidney are discharged the refuse of the materials which sustain, strengthen, and renew that wonderful piece of animated mechanism, the human body. It is, therefore, obvious that if the bowels do not perform their allotted tasks efficiently the scavenger work of the system, which is as important as its sustentation, must be imperfectly done. The intestines are the waste-pipes of the animal structure, and you might as well expect a city to be healthy with its sewers clogged up or in ruins as hope for strength and vigor in the human physique when its main discharging organs are in an unnatural condition.

Constipation, bilious colic, cholera morbus, dysentery, inflammation of the bowels, and, indeed, all intestinal diseases, however different in their types and symptoms, have their primary source in a want of tone in the membrane which lines the alimentary and excretory passages. The irritation which produces a flux is just as much the result of weakness as the torpor which causes costiveness. Diarrhœa is the direct consequence of a loss of retentive power, and constipation of a loss of expulsive power; **and the effect of violent purgatives, in either contingency, is to lower instead of renewing the tone of the already weakened organs.**

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS has been administered with marked success in constipation, and for this reason it is, so to speak, an aperient tonic; in other words, it gently dislodges and removes the fecal obstructions, and, at the same time, imparts a healthy stimulus to the mucous integuments which line the discharging channel. This double action soon restores regularity; and it may be safely asserted that chronic costiveness can be cured by a course of this preparation when all the usual prescriptions have been tried in vain. In diarrhœa, colic, and all choleraic maladies, unless the inflammatory symptoms are too violent to render the use of any tonic advisable, it will be found exceedingly useful in sustaining the strength of the patient and alleviating pain. As a remedy for chronic bowel complaints of every type it is recommended in many earnest testimonials which have been published at various times in the public journals.

Let it, however, be always borne in mind by those who are predisposed to constipation, cholic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, or other diseases of the abdominal viscera that they may easily PROTECT their systems from those painful and dangerous ills, by availing themselves of the preventive operation of the Bitters. Keep the stomach and bowels in a vigorous condition with this peerless vegetable tonic and alterative, and the functions of assimilation and excretion will be sure to go on healthfully and regularly.

GENERAL DEBILITY.—A FEW CONSOLING WORDS TO THE WEAK AND FEMALE. Mere lack of bodily strength is not in itself a disease, but simply a disability. It is sometimes a natural defect, sometimes the result of secondary causes. In either case Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be safely guaranteed to cure it. Every day, and in every locality, invalids may be met with who complain of nothing but weakness. They have no pain, but they are incapable of much exertion. A short walk fatigues them, a long one breaks them down.

"This sort of feebleness is one of the characteristics of dyspepsia and biliousness; but it is no less true that it frequently exists independently of any specific disorder, and when all the internal organs appear to be performing their functions with tolerable regularity. It is really painful to see human beings moving along with slow, unsteady steps, and evidently almost destitute of muscular power and nervous energy, who might just as well be treading the earth firmly and fulfilling their daily duties without suffering from exhaustion. Are they aware that there is a medical stimulant which would put new life into them? Have they ever seen the effect of Hostetter's Bitters upon the weak and enervated? It seems incredible that, with this powerful vegetable invigorant everywhere accessible, sufferers from mere debility should complain that they can obtain no relief. Whoever says so cannot have tried this commanding tonic. Quinine may have failed, common tinctures may have failed, all the ordinary stimulants may have failed; but this, let the feeble be assured, will not fail.

INVIGORATION FOR THE INFIRM.—When age begins to tell upon the frame, it is natural to wish for some elixir which will alleviate its infirmities and retard the progress of decay. Physicians recommend stimulants to comfort, cheer, and refresh the aged. What shall they have recourse to. Certainly not to empoisoned liquors of commerce. That would be to shorten, not to prolong the period of their pilgrimage. Of course, the medical men, when prescribing brandy or any other spirituous liquor, recommend that the article shall be pure and unvitiated. They should go a little further, and inform their patients where such an article can be procured. The fluids sold in liquor warehouses as brandy, Jamaica spirits, gin, and whisky are, without exception, dangerous compounds. If the secrets of the liquor-mixing establishments could be unveiled—if the public could see for themselves the tobacco-juice, the vitriol, the logwood, the creosote, the acrid and deadly essences, the various narcotics and other vile drugs which go to the making up of the various "brands" which the doctors talk about so glibly—the *exposé* would probably do more to help the temperance cause than a thousand lectures. Are these the stimulants for the old and infirm? Are they fit for any human being? Surely not. Many professional men admit that they dare not, under any circumstances, prescribe them. Why should they? Why should any member of the community put such enemies in his mouth, when a perfectly pure stimulant is within the reach of every one who needs a tonic and invigorant?

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is that stimulant. It has no drawbacks. Its basis is the alcoholic principle of rye—the most innocuous and wholesome of all liquors; and this product, after being purified by a peculiar method of rectification, is tempered and qualified by an infusion of herbs and roots endowed with the rarest vitalizing properties.

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Manufacturers, also, of a great variety of other Stoves.

WEBSTER HOT-AIR FURNACE

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IS RECOMMENDED AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

It will give the required amount of heat.
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It will not heat the cellar.
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It is not expensive.
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